

NEMESIS
OF CHAUTAUQUA-
LAKE,
OR
CIRCUMSTANTIAL
EVIDENCE.

BY
HON. A. B. RICHMOND.



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THE NEMESIS
OF
CHAUTAUQUA LAKE
OR
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By HON. A. B. RICHMOND

Author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison,"
"A Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an
Eagle's Nest," "Intemperance and Crime," and
"A Review of the Seybert Commissioners."

*"Rather than not accomplish my revenge,
Just or unjust, I would the world unhinge."*
—WALLER.

CHICAGO:
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INTRODUCTION.

“Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same.”

—Granville.

Fiction is often truth colored by the brush or pen of the artist, or moulded by the chisel of the sculptor.

When I was a child my father lived in the village of Westfield, Chautauqua county, N. Y. He was a physician and surgeon whose practice extended over the county and portions of the country adjacent thereto. At that time there resided a few miles from Westfield, an Indian doctor named McEntosh or McEntire, I am not certain which. He was a half-breed of the Cattaraugus tribe, very well educated for the times and his surroundings, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. He was a friend of my father, whom he frequently consulted in relation to his patients when their symptoms were beyond his ability to diagnose.

One summer morning in the year 1832 he called on my father to visit a patient with him who was sick in the village of Mayville. At my earnest solicitation I was permitted to accompany them. As we rode along he related an old legend of the country which interested my boyish curiosity very much, and which I have embodied in the following story. In its narration I have preserved the the names of the *dramatis personae*, and have narrated the incidents of the story as I remember it to have been narrated by the old doctor.

Sixty years ago I read it as briefly published in one of the newspapers of western New York, and the tradition will probably be remembered by a few of the old settlers of Chautauqua county. I have only taken an author's liberty to elaborate and paint its incidents with the feeble pen of narration, yet they are substantially true as narrated by the early traditions of the country.

The incidents of the so-called whisky rebellion in Western Pennsylvania are true historic events, as narrated in "Western Annals," published by James R. Albach, in 1856. The names of the parties who were prominent in exciting the rebellion are correctly given, and the events are quoted from historical record.

The Indian names of persons and places with their derivation are strictly correct and are quoted from the League of the Ho-De-Ng-Sau-Nee, or Iroquois, published by the New York Historical Society in 1851.

A few years ago while digging for the foundation of one of the assembly buildings on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds near the lake, a number of skeletons were unearthed, which attracted the attention and wonder of the workmen and visitors. The place was supposed at the time to have been an ancient Indian burial ground. When I read the account I at once remembered the legend as related by the old Indian doctor, and on investigation I became convinced that they were the remains of the victims of "The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake." This suggested to me the thought of writing the story as narrated in this book, in which I have given the derivation of the Indian names therein contained correctly from the authority of "The League of the Iroquois." The principal incidents of my story are true, although they have long been

"Asleep on lap of Legend Old."

April 26, 1899.

AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."—Byron.

"Their way
"Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horrors of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger."
—Milton.

It was the afternoon of a beautiful day in October of the year 1792. The late frost had but recently touched the forest foliage, and now the glory of an American autumn had fallen on hill and valley gilding them with a wealth of coloring that defies the palette and pencil of the artist. The yellow of the poplar, the scarlet of the maple and the crimson of the oak mingling with the dark green of the pine and hemlock, draped the landscape as with a sheen of variegated embroidery. The early fallen leaves covered the ground with a carpet soft as velvet and tinted with colors that rivaled the looms of Gobelin.

The air, mild as a morning in spring, was filled with the odor of dying leaves peculiar to the northern forests in autumn. The sky was covered by a soft haze incident to the season and the locality of our story. The sun was sinking behind the western tree-tops when the stillness of the forest was broken by the tramp of a horse on the fallen leaves that covered the ground, almost concealing the old Indian trail that ran along the southern shore of Lake Erie from Presque Isle to Fort Rice on Buffalo Creek. The rider of the horse was a man in the morning of manhood. His dress and bearing indicated that he was unaccustomed to frontier life, and was better acquainted with the civilization of the Eastern colonies than the hardships and privations of camp and forest. He was un-

armed, unless a pair of pistols that hung in holsters at his saddle bow could be called arms; but the contempt with which these weapons were looked upon by the hardy frontier men of that day showed that they were very inefficient either for offence or defence against Indians and wild beasts, the only enemies to be feared in the forests of the lake shore. His companion was on foot, and trod the path they were following with the noiseless tread of a panther. His dark copper color, the fantastic ornaments that decorated his naked breast, his leggins of tanned deerskin ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, the tomahawk and knife that hung in easy reach of his hand from a belt of wampum around his waist, the powder-horn and bullet-pouch suspended from his shoulder, the long rifle carried at trail, the scalp-lock and eagle feathers it supported, all proclaimed an Indian warrior. The absence of paint on his dark features indicated that his present mission was one of peace, yet his cat-like tread and the quick glance of his dark eye towards the thickets and underbrush that bordered some portions of their pathway, showed the training and caution of an Indian brave accustomed to the dangers of forest warfare, and ever watchful against an ambuscade or a hidden foe.

For some time the two had traveled along the forest path in silence; the horseman following the steps of his guide, who with the unerring instincts of his race followed the trail almost obliterated by the fallen leaves. At length the path descended into a ravine through the bottom of which ran a small stream of clear, cool water. The thirsty horse plunged his head deep in the grateful current from which he drank for some moments, while the Indian paused upon its brink and leaning upon his rifle stood in an attitude of unconscious grace and dignity that would have delighted the eye of a sculptor.

"Well, Oneida, where are we now? And what stream is this?" inquired his companion, as he loosened his bridle rein and rested his hand on his saddle-bow.

"Ga-a-nun-da-ta, Ga-hun-da," [Ga-a-nun-da-ta, a mountain leveled down; Ga-hun-da, Silver Creek.—Iroquois] the Indian replied sententiously in the guttural tones of the Iroquois.

"How far are we from a settlement?" continued his interrogator. "It is long past noon, and the air of the

woods has given me an appetite I have not had since I was a boy."

"The rifle of Oneida could throw a bullet into the wigs of the pale faces," replied the Indian, as he pointed to the top of the hill that formed the opposite side of the ravine they had entered.

"Is it so near, Oneida?" "Come," continued the rider to his horse as he affectionately patted the neck of the faithful animal, "come, Jet, our day's march is nearly ended, and you shall rest until morning." The wearied horse seemed to understand the promise of his rider, for crossing the creek he followed the guide with a quickened pace until they reached the top of the hillside where a clearing of fifteen or twenty acres had been made in the forest, in the center of which a group of log cabins had been erected. One among them was more pretentious than the others. It was larger, more imposing in appearance, was constructed of logs roughly squared with the axe, the chinks were more closely stopped, and a wide porch extended along its front from which a pole projected, sustaining on its outer end a rude sign, which informed those who could decipher its hieroglyphical characters, that "Rest for Man and Beast" could be there obtained.

When the traveler and his guide had reached the brow of the hill, the horseman paused a moment as he looked with an enquiring eye over the rude hamlet before him. When seeing the invitation of the sign mentioned, he turned to his guide and said:

"Oneida, we will go no farther to-day; both "man and beast" need the rest that I see can be had here; but at sunrise we must be on our way. I must reach Du Quesne the day after to-morrow; we will stop at the tavern yonder until morning."

"No," said the Indian, "Oneida will sleep in the woods; when the morning sun rises out of the waters of the Great Lake he will meet the young chief on its shore." Then carefully examining the priming of his rifle he disappeared in the bushes that bordered the ravine they had just left.

As the horseman rode up to the inn, or tavern as it was called in the vernacular of the frontier, he observed a group of men on "The Common," an open space of four or five acres in extent in front of the rude dwellings that

stood irregularly along one side of the street. The street itself was but a wagon track that winding its sinuous course among the stumps and deadened trees, was at last lost in the woods beyond the settlement. The forest blazing in the glory of its autumn foliage, seemed to surround the little village with an environment of many-colored flames, unbroken save towards the north where the waters of Lake Erie glimmered through a partial opening in the trees.

The buildings of this primitive settlement consisted of a score of cabins constructed in the rude style of architecture seen only in the woods and clearings of America in the early days of our Republic. The comforts of modern civilization were unknown to the hardy settlers of our frontiers. The necessities of a pioneer life developed an ingenuity in invention that has become a characteristic of the American people, and made them celebrated over the world.

The cabins were constructed of unhewed logs, and on many of them the bark yet remained on their outside surfaces. These logs were notched at their corners, and interlocked in such a manner as to render them secure against the storms that sometimes prostrated the standing forest trees. The crevices between the logs were "chinked" with puncheons of wood secured in their places by wooden pins and wedges. The chinks were then daubed with clay within and without and the walls were completed. The roofs were covered with bark peeled from the hemlock, or in the better houses with long shingles riven from the oak or elm. These were kept in their places by weight-poles laid length-wise of the roof, and supported in their places by blocks of wood extending from eaves to ridge-pole. The floors (where there were any) were of puncheons or split logs, and the capacious fire-places of stone with chimneys of sticks plastered with clay. The sashless windows were filled with cloth well oiled to make it translucent. The doors of thin slabs of wood were hung on wooden hinges. In the whole number of houses in that little village in the wilderness, there probably was not a single pane of glass or a nail or metal hinge, or lock of any kind. The furniture and cooking utensils were of the rudest and simplest kind; plates and bowls of wood with spoons of the same material were laid at meal-time on a rude table in the center of

the cabins. Drinking-cups of horn, or gourds, were the substitutes for the crystal and china of to-day; and at that time the possession of a single drinking-glass by a woman in the settlement would have subjected her to the envy of all her female associates. Yet rude as these surroundings were, and as primitive as were the culinary utensils and cuisine of the wilderness at that day, no marble slab in a prince's palace was ever laden with more choice viands than those that graced the rude punchon tables of the cabins of the early settlers of the wilderness. Juicy steaks of venison, or cutlets of bear's meat broiled on the coals; delicious trout from the cool forest streams; wild fowl from the lake, baked or roasted in rude stone ovens, was the ordinary bill of fare of the poorest families in the frontier settlements. For bread, various ingenious compounds of corn formed a wholesome substitute for the dyspeptic loaf of to-day, while a dessert of wild honey and forest berries finished a repast that would have delighted a modern epicure.

When to such a feast as we have described the partaker brings an appetite begotten of a day's travel in the pure air of the wilderness, there remains nothing to increase the gustatory enjoyment of the occasion—so thought our traveler as he sat down at the plenteous board of the "Rest for Man and Beast," and partook of the bill of fare we have given, with an appetite we have but faintly described.

As there was no register for travelers' names in the office of the clerk of the "Rest for Man and Beast," and in fact as there was no office, and no clerk, we are compelled to introduce our traveler as Judge Frank Hall, recently appointed by the Governor of the State of New York to organize several courts in the western part of the State for the administration of the law over that portion of the wilderness known as "Western New York." He had been to Buffalo for that purpose, and was now on his way to western Pennsylvania under a secret commission from President Washington to enquire into the cause of the resistance to the excise laws in that portion of the State.

The recent defeat of St. Clair in his expedition against the western tribes of Indians in Ohio, left an unprotected frontier of a thousand miles in extent reaching from the Allegheny to the Mississippi. This was exposed to the attack of the victorious and infuriated savages. The six

nations that had for a number of years been friends and allies of the government were now wavering in their allegiance, and it was feared that their young warriors, at least, would join the western tribes in open hostilities against the hated pale-faces. The armies of the government had been unable to protect the frontiers, and the settlers of western Pennsylvania, who were generally of foreign birth, objected to the payment of taxes of any kind to a government that did not protect them from savage invasion and butchery. In 1786 an attempt had been made to enforce an excise law, when the officer was seized by a number of the settlers, his hair cut off from one side of his head, his papers taken from him, and he was compelled to tear up his commission and trample it under his feet. No effort was made to punish these rioters by the government, and no further attempt was made for a number of years to execute the excise law.

In 1790 when Congress assembled, the nation was burthened with debts, and it was found indispensably necessary to increase the revenue. On the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton a bill was passed imposing certain rates of taxes on distilled spirits. Inspectors were appointed and all distilleries were bound to give the inspector of their district an accurate description of their buildings, the capacity of their stills and to allow their liquor casks to be gauged and branded by the inspector.

This law met with a general and determined resistance in western Pennsylvania; government inspectors were mobbed and beaten, their buildings burned and many of them were compelled to flee from the country. Public meetings were called, speeches were made, resolutions—that panacea for all American wrongs—were passed without a dissenting voice, and our forefathers resolved that “whisky should be free.”

This much it has been necessary to say, that our readers may better understand the incidents of our story.

Our traveler, Judge Hall, had been secretly instructed by the government at Washington, to go to Pittsburg and inquire into the nature, cause and extent of the insubordination to the laws. Ostensibly he went to examine into the military condition of the frontiers; to examine the forts, equipments and means of defense, and to report the same as soon as possible. This part of his mission was open and avowed, the other branch of his duty must of

necessity be secret, for had the excited settlers suspected that he was connected in any way with the enforcement of the odious excise laws, his life would have been in jeopardy from the lawless ruffians who perpetrated the outrages sanctioned by the resolutions of the public meetings.

At Fort Reed, near Buffalo, Judge Hall had procured an Indian guide, Oneida, who was an Iroquois warrior past middle age, and but a few years before had been a terror to the frontier, as at the head of a predatory band of Mohawks he ravaged the Lake shore from Niagara to Fort Presque Isle. He was a member of the Oneida tribe of Indians, and for this reason was generally called by the name of his people; but the appellation given him by his warriors was Wah-na-tau, signifying the foremost in battle. By this name he had been known along the frontiers where the ashes of burned cabins and the graves of the settlers murdered by his band were seen in every primitive settlement. He had been so well known to the frontiersmen for his ferocity on the warpath, that although the Indian tribes of the Six Nations had "buried the tomahawk" and were at peace with the United Colonies, yet the wary savage feared to trust himself within reach of the deadly rifle of the hunters and backwoodsmen of the new settlements, and therefore when he approached the little hamlet we have described, he left Judge Hall at the edge of the clearing, to bivouac in the woods until morning, when he was to meet him at the rising of the sun on the shore of Lake Erie.

After our traveler had finished his meal, he strolled out on the Common, where a group of men and boys had collected to witness a trial of skill with the rifle between a number of the most noted marksmen of the settlement.

The dress of the men thus assembled was characteristic of the times, the place and the people. Underclothing of the coarsest product of the domestic loom, covered with hunting shirts of coarse cloth or dressed deerskin, with leggings and moccasins of the same material, were common to all. The only difference was seen in the ornamentation of fringe with which some of the capes of the hunting-shirts were decorated; and it was noticeable that these faint evidences of untutored taste were seen only on the persons of the young men; an embryonic development of that love of personal adornment whose esthetic results are now so marvelous in the arena of modern fashion;

while peeping from the cabin windows were a number of bright-eyed woodland maidens, who did not fail to recognize in the dress of many of the young hunters the work of their own fair fingers, for even to that western frontier the little god of ancient mythology had found his way, and victims for his bow and arrows. —

When Judge Hall approached the men on the Common he was received with looks of mingled curiosity and respect; curiosity to know who he was, where he came from, where he was going, and what was his business? Respect, for his appearance denoted that he was none of the ordinary travelers of the wilderness. His tall form, intellectual, handsome features and noble bearing would have arrested the attention and commanded the respect of all who saw him, even though they were strangers to the fame he had acquired as a soldier, lawyer and statesman. When but a boy of twenty he had been promoted for his bravery in one of the battles with the Indians in Ohio, and a few years later he had distinguished himself in the judicial forum of his native State. He had served a term in the Congress of 1790, and was now selected by President Washington to perform an important mission because of his acknowledged courage and ability.

For a moment the men who were engaged in a contest for supremacy in marksmanship paused as he approached them, when the Judge pleasantly remarked: "Don't let me interrupt your sports, men; I came to witness your skill with the rifle. I am a solitary traveler, resting after a fatiguing journey, and only wish to pass away the time pleasantly to myself, and hope you will not think me obtrusive in coming among you."

"Sartinly not, stranger; sartinly not," remarked a veteran hunter as he leaned upon a rifle of unusual length. "Ye are welcome to come to see us as often as ye like, and stay as long as ye want. Go ahead, byes, and when ye'r satisfied ye can't drive the nail, let old Joe show ye and the stranger how it's done. It's not much of a distance to shoot, and it ain't like shootin' a painter on the jump or a redskin on the run, 'specially when the redskin is arter yer scalp with a lot of yellin, painted devils behind him, and ye know if ye miss yer aim once and let them come much nearer, ye'll be dead and scalped in a minnit. I tell ye, stranger, it don't make a feller's narves any steadier to know he is shootin' fur his life, and that if his

flint misses fire or his hand trembles he's a goner; ye see this is kind of byes' play, to larn the youngsters how to handle their irons when the time comes as they must shoot for their own lives or the lives of them they love best on arth."

"It is the proper training for young men in times like these, my old friend," replied the Judge. "The skill acquired in contests of this kind may be of great service to these young men in times of need and danger. Boys should be taught the use of the rifle as soon as they can cast a bullet or pull a trigger."

At this the contest proceeded. The mark was a white disk of paper the size of a dollar, fastened by a pin in its center, to the charred and blackened side of a stump a hundred steps distant.

A number of shots were fired, but only one or two touched the paper, when old Joe stepped to the score marked on the ground and slowly raised his rifle. For a few seconds he stood with the unconscious grace of a piece of statuary; then as the sharp report of his rifle reverberated along the line of woods that bounded the "clearing," the paper fluttered in the air and fell to the ground.

"That's the way it's done, byes," remarked the old hunter, as with a smile of self-approbation he looked at the Judge.

"What do ye think of that, stranger? Did ye ever see that done in the settlements whar ye cum from?" inquired old Joe as he turned to the Judge with evident pride. Thar's only one man kin beat that in this neck of woods, an' that's Bill Munson, and he can't beat it much, he can't."

"My old friend," said the Judge, "will you lend me your rifle to try a shot?"

"Sartin, stranger, sartin!" replied old Joe. "Byes put up another mark while I load my iron fur the stranger."

"My friend," said the Judge, quietly, "will you lend me your powder-horn and bullet-pouch and let me load the rifle myself?"

"Ya-as—I will, stranger," answered old Joe, hesitatingly, "but I misdoubt ye can do as it outer be dun; ye see 'Redskin Extarminator,' as I call the ole hussy, is a little particular, and don't allers behave as she outer with

strangers; but ye can see what ye can do with the ole gal if ye like."

Judge Hall here removed his coat, slung the powder-horn and bullet-pouch over his shoulder, took the rifle from the reluctant hands of the old man, and walked towards the stump, where a new mark had been placed.

As he proceeded, the men looked at him inquiringly. "The mark's all right, stranger," old Joe called after him as he walked toward the stump. "The mark's all right; ye needn't bother to go an' look arter it; an' the stump's thar, too, as ye'll find if ye git a little clusser," the old man continued in a somewhat sarcastic tone.

By this time the Judge had reached the stump, when turning he started to run toward the group of astonished spectators, loading the gun as he ran, and reaching the score, he turned suddenly and fired apparently without aim. Again the paper fluttered in the air. When it fell, the boy picked it up as he had done the mark hit by old Joe, and brought them both to the old hunter; handing them to him he said: "Uncle Joe, the stranger's is a center shot, while your'n is a leetle one side, tho' it did hit the pin."

The old man took the marks from the hand of the boy and examined them in astonishment too deep for words. The other marksmen gathered around him and each handled the perforated papers in silent wonder, then looking at the smiling Judge, who was replacing his coat, every cap was doffed and a cheer rang on the autumn air from every throat, except that of old Joe, who was too much astonished to speak. At last he picked up his rifle which was leaning against a stump, and caressing it affectionately, said:

"Wall, ole gal, ye never did the like of that afore and yer nigh onto forty years old, an' I wouldn't a believed it now, ye ole hussy, if I hadn't a seen it with my own eyes."

"Stranger," he continued, "ye can beat any man I ever seed except Bill Munson, an' I'll bet a beaver skin ye can beat him. Gin us yer hand! I'm yer friend, stranger, but I didn't think it was in them store clothes to beat old Joe Smiley, with his own gun, litt my ha'r if I did. Stranger, let's go over to the tavern an' liquor?"

"I thank you, my old friend," replied Judge Hall, as he cordially grasped the extended hand of the old man, "but I never drink; if I did I could not shoot like that."

"Never—drink!" ejaculated old Joe with increased astonishment. "Never—drink! Well I'll be ——! Yer a curiosity in these parts, ye are; a man that can shoot like that, and—don't—drink! and wears store clothes—yaas, I'll be ——!"

Here the old man was interrupted in his remarks by some one in the group exclaiming, "There comes Bill Munson, now"

Judge Hall looked in the direction indicated and saw approaching a man of gigantic stature. He appeared to be of middle age, and was dressed in the usual costume of the hunters and frontiersmen of that period. On his shoulder he carried a long, heavy double-barreled rifle. As he approached, the Judge observed that although he seemed to be well acquainted with all the men there assembled and was greeted with a cordial welcome yet they did not address him with the familiarity of deportment and speech common among themselves. His presence seemed to throw a restraint over the group of hardy foresters, that to the Judge was more noticeable because it was unusual. It was the common custom of the day for the settlers to address each other by some familiar abbreviation or even a soubriquet characteristic of some peculiar trait of character, or the result of some incident in the life of each, which well remembered was perpetuated in a friendly spirit to the person so addressed by an appellation that in time became more familiar than even his actual name. But this freedom was not indulged in towards the man who had so unexpectedly come among them. He was welcomed most cordially, it is true, yet he was called "Munson" by the few who addressed him, and even when so addressed it was in a tone of distant respect.

When he observed Judge Hall, he looked at him with a keen piercing glance of inquiry from his dark and deep-set eyes. Here, old Joe seeing the look, took upon himself the office of introducer, and said:

"Here, Munson, is a man who has beat old Joe Smiley a shootin' with his own rifle, an' yet he wears store clothes, an' don't drink; an' I'll bet any man in the settlement a beaver pelt agin a squirrel skin that he can beat any man with a shootin' iron in this neck of woods, except you; an' he'll foller yer trail as cluss as ye ever tracked a redskin, even if he don't come out ahead of ye in the long run.

"Do you see that burnt stump over yon? Waal, we put

this bit of paper on that stump and all the byes had a shot at it an' missed. Then I raised ole 'Exterminator' an' struck a leetle one side of the center, as ye can see on this paper; an' I was kind of braggin' on it, when this youngster borrowed my old iron, powder-horn an' bullet-pouch, an' he walked down to that stump; then he started an' run as if a dozen redskins was arter him, an' he loaded as he run, an' when he got to the scratch he turned an' fired as quick as lightnin' an' here's what he did; he just centered this paper true as a die; now raise my ha'r if ye can beat that yerself, Munson."

"It was a good shot, Smiley," replied Munson, with a correctness of pronunciation and intonation of voice that was entirely free from the provincialism of the frontier, and which at once attracted the attention of Judge Hall. "Yes, Smiley," he continued, "it was a splendid shot, but you remember when we were out scouting with the army of Gen. St. Clair, the time that six redskins chased us, and I made one of them bite the dust at six hundred yards, then as we ran I loaded, turned, fired and hit four more of them at four successive shots, when the other gave up the chase and wanted to back out of the fight, but you would not let him, Joe; and you remember that while I stopped to scalp the red devils I had killed, you brought the running savage down at long range, and then we went into camp with six muskets we took from the dead Indians, and six scalps hanging to our belts. That was a glorious day, Joe; you remember it well, don't you?"

"Yaas—I mind it well, Munson; but I don't mind nothin' about the glory. I do mind that when we heerd the yell of the infernal devils an' started to run for our lives that I was most infernally skeered, an' that but for you, Bill, ole Mollie Smiley would have bin a widder. But you fergit. When we went into camp the scalps were hangin' to yer belt, not mine; ye know it's agin my natur to scalp a Injun. I've killed lots of em, I have, but I never scalped one yit. I can lay 'em out in a fight, I can, but I don't keer to mutilate a dead body, I don't. But ye feel different, I know, an' ye have reason to, Munson, God knows ye have."

During this dialogue, Judge Hall had time to observe more closely the dress and features of Munson, and the longer he looked and listened the greater was his sur-

prise at the very apparent incongruity between the man himself, his dress and his surroundings.

As he lifted a rabbit-skin cap from his head to wipe the perspiration from his brow, the Judge observed a broad, square forehead indicative of an intellectual capacity of no common order. His deep-set, piercing black eyes were overshadowed by heavy, bushy eyebrows, dark as midnight. His embrowned cheeks contrasted strongly with the whiteness of that portion of his features that his cap had protected from the sun and wind. A massive lower jaw indicated great firmness of character. His features would have been singularly attractive but for an expression of gloom that overcast his countenance; an indescribable something like a shadow that darkened it, as a landscape is overshadowed by a passing cloud. In stature he was almost gigantic, standing nearly seven feet in his moccasins, straight as a forest pine and symmetrically proportioned, with muscles and sinews trained to the utmost of physical endurance. He was a magnificent specimen of that class of hunters and foresters that then thronged our frontiers, and whose prowess in the battles with the Indians is to-day justly a matter of national pride. To a form indurated by the exposure incident to a life in camp and wilderness, was added a courage that knew no danger. His skill with the rifle was unsurpassed on the frontier, while he was as expert in the use of the scalping-knife and tomahawk as the most renowned of the Indian warriors.

When old Joe referred to some unexplained reason why Munson was justified in scalping the savages he had slain, the Judge was startled by the expression of his features. His eyes gleamed like flames, his lips were compressed and bloodless, while his fingers clutched the barrels of his rifle with a force that seemed to indent the iron. An expression of ferocity almost demonical distorted his features, while his frame shook as if in convulsions.

The hunters of the group observed his emotions and cast significant glances at each other, while the interchange of nods and winks told the Judge as plainly as words could have done, that there was some secret connected with this singular man that they seemed to understand, yet dared not mention.

A moment only and his agitation passed away, but it seemed to leave him enshrouded in deeper gloom, yet

turning kindly and extending his hand in a somewhat reserved and even diffident manner to Judge Hall, who grasped it cordially, he said:

"I am very glad to meet you, my young friend, and also glad that you have taken some of the conceit out of my old friend Smiley. I have to come around every few months to reduce his self-esteem a little or he would get so conceited about his skill as a marksman that the boys in the settlement could not endure it."

"Waal, now, Munson, that's—so—he did take some of the conceit out of me, that's a fact, but there ain't another man on this trail that can do it besides yerself," said old Joe, good humoredly; "but, my boy," he continued, turning towards the Judge, "did ye ever draw a bead on a redskin when ye knowed if ye missed yer aim or yer flint missed fire, yer scalp would have been lifted in a minnit?"

"I have seen service, my old friend," replied the Judge; "I was out on the Maumee under General St. Clair; was with him when he was defeated, and I saw some pretty hard fighting; I was wounded and came near losing my scalp in the retreat, but fought as well as I could and as long as there was any hope."

"Did ye, now?" exclaimed the delighted old man; "I was thar, too, and so was Munson. Out with the byes the last campaign, was ye? Fought the redskins with old Clair, an' don't liquor when ye git a chance? Boy, yer a curiosity, that's a fact, but ye beat old Joe Smiley shootin' with his own iron, an' I'm yer friend. Good-bye stranger, we'll meet agin some day, an' if I can ever do ye a good turn ye can count on old Joe."

With these parting words they separated, Munson and Smiley walking away together towards one of the cabins which stood on the outskirts of the village, while the Judge returned to the "Rest for Man and Beast," the observed of all observers. The young boys had hurried to their homes after the shooting to carry the news that a stranger who wore store clothes and didn't drink liquor when invited, had beaten old Joe Smiley shooting with his own rifle. Either one of the facts thus concisely stated by old Joe and repeated by the boys would have made the man to whom they were attached a marked man in any settlement on the frontier; but to have them all combined in one individual was a phenomenon never before witnessed in the village; and as the Judge passed

along on his way to the "Rest" the door of every cabin he passed was ajar, and wondering eyes of every age looked at him curiously.

The glory of his achievement had reached every ear in the settlement, and he found himself an object of general interest and public curiosity as he walked to the "Rest for Man and Beast" and disappeared within its hospitable doors.

CHAPTER II.

“One sole desire, one passion, now remains,
To keep life’s fever still within his veins,—
Vengeance, dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O’er him and all he loved that ruinous blast;
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists,—like lightning fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire.”

—Moore’s Lalla Rookh.

“I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
For then, ’tis like I should forget myself;
O, if I could what grief should I forget!”

—Shakspeare.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and ere the glow of sunrise had tinged the sky and forest, Judge Hall was in the saddle. As he passed along the narrow road cut through the woodland towards the lake, the forest seemed full of sound as its numberless tenants, after their manner, welcomed the coming day. The matin song of the birds in the branches over his head, the chirp of the squirrel busily engaged in gathering its winter store, the drum of the pheasant from the depths of the thickets as he notified his mate that he had come to make his morning call, the tap of the wood-pecker on the decaying body of some dead monarch of the woods, all these evidences of awakening forest life greeted his ear.

The air, cool and bracing, was scented with the fragrance of fern and hemlock, while the falling leaves were covering the ground as gently as the snow flakes of a winter’s day.

As the Judge rode leisurely along enjoying the charms

of an early autumn morning in the forest, his thoughts reverted to the scenes of the previous day, and he wondered who the singular hunter was, what was his history, why he was treated with such marked respect by the woodsmen of the settlement, and what was the cause of the gloom that darkened his features and gave an unnatural expression to the glance of his eye. While he thus mused and wondered he was aroused from his reverie by the voice of old Joe Smiley.

"Mornin', stranger! mornin'! Yer an airly riser," said the old man as he emerged from a thicket by the roadside and grasped the extended hand of Judge Hall with manifest pleasure.

"Good morning, my old friend," replied the Judge. "You are not a sluggard yourself. Where have you been with your rifle so early?"

"I've bin watchin' a deer lick, stranger," said the old man. "We killed an eight-pronged buck, an' I am jest a-goin' hum to send the byes arter the carcass. I left Munson at the lick an' likelier'n not he'll drop another afore the byes git thare. The deers allers cum to the lick to drink airly in the mornin'."

"Smiley," said Judge Hall, earnestly, "who is Munson? He seems to be a remarkable person; he appears to be a man of culture and education. Surely he has not lived all of his life in the woods? I feel interested in him; what is his history?"

"Ya-as, stranger," replied Smiley hesitatingly, "he is edicated an' a good square man as thare is on the frontier; but he's a leetle off in his mind; and some folks say that sometimes he's a leetle too keerless with his rifle. I dunno how it is, but he's a square man, he is."

"A little careless with his rifle!" ejaculated Judge Hall in surprise. "What do you mean? He does not shoot his neighbor's cattle does he?"

"No! no! Nothin' of the sort," Smiley replied emphatically. "Bill Munson is as free from doin' a mean act as any man livin', but he'd as soon kill an Injun as a varmint of any kind, an' it don't matter to him whether it's in time of peace or war. But I don't like to talk about my neighbors, stranger. Bill's a good Christian man for all he does."

"My old friend," said Judge Hall earnestly, "I feel interested in Munson, and would like to know more about

him, if you will tell me. It is no idle curiosity on my part, but there is something so singular in the man, something so apparently at variance with his dress and mode of life that I should like to know more of his history."

"Wa-al, stranger, if you must have it, it's nothin' but what everybody knows, anyhow. Ye see it's agin the law to kill an Injun in time of peace; but now an' then one is found dead in the woods with a bullet in him, an' folks think it's Munson's doin's. The settlers don't say much about it, only some think it's time fur Bill to quit and let the peaceable redskins alone."

"But what makes the folks think it is Munson who kills them?" inquired the Judge with increasing interest.

"Wa-al, I don't like to say much about it," said Smiley, "'cause Munson is my friend. We've fit the Injuns side by side many a time, and he saved my scalp onct. It was up on the Maumee river. Bill an' I was out a scoutin', we got separated in the woods. I was creepin' along what I thought was a fresh trail, when an Injun in ambush dropped me with a musket bullet. He started toward me, dodging from tree to tree, for he was afeard I wasn't dead an' would shoot back; at last I got a sight of him, an' fired. I was lyin' on the ground, an' couldn't get a good aim, an' I missed him. Then he gave a yell, an' jumped fur me; he grabbed my ha'r, an' I felt the point of his knife on my head when I heerd Bill's 'two-shooter,' an' the Injun dropped across me, an' afore I had time to think, Munson stood over me with the redskin's scalp in his hand, an' a dead Injun was layin' by my side. It was a cluss call, stranger, I tell yer, an' Bill Munson has looked as han'some as a picture to me ever since. I couldn't walk an' he carried me on his back three miles to the fort. That's how it is atween me and Bill; I'd risk my life for him any minute, an' I don't like to say anything about the dead Injuns found in the woods.

"But, Smiley, you surely can tell me why the settlers think Munson killed them, without betraying any confidence of your old friend," said Judge Hall.

"Oh, ya-as, stranger, of course I can. I wouldn't tell anything everybody didn't know, an' that won't hurt Bill I spose. Ye see we hunters all have a mark in our bullet molds so we can tell whose ball killed a deer if there's any dispute about it; an' we all know each other's mark. Munson's is a cross, an' true as yer born every infernal

dead Injun found in the woods had a ball with Munson's mark on it in their bodies, an' all on 'em was scalped and had a cross cut with a knife on their breast. In course everybody believes it's Bill Munson's mark, but few blame him. If I'd been in his place I'd do as he does sure as yer born. But I must hurry up and send the byes down to the lick fur the deer, or Bill will be so hungry fur his breakfast that he will roast and eat it afore they git thare. Good-bye, stranger, good-bye."

With this the old man shouldered his rifle and started towards the settlement at a rapid pace as if he wished to avoid further conversation about his friend.

Judge Hall rode on towards the lake and soon among the branches of the trees he saw the gleaming of its silvery waters as the early beams of the morning sun gleamed over its unruffled surface. As he approached its shore he struck the old Indian trail that he had followed the day before. He paused a moment and soon the bushes at his side parted and Oneida greeted him with the grave courtesy of an Indian warrior.

"The young chief was not on the shore when the sun rose out of the waters of the Great Lake," said the Indian in a reproachful tone.

"No, Oneida," replied the Judge, "I stopped a moment to talk with a friend."

"What friend?" said the Indian, as he cast a quick and suspicious glance at the Judge. "Oneida saw enemy in the woods."

"Saw an enemy!" ejaculated Judge Hall in tones of surprise. "Where, Oneida? Who was the enemy, and where did you see him?"

"By Ga-no-wau-ges [Ga-no-wau-ges—Fetid water.—Iroquois.] where the deer come to drink," said the Indian sententiously. "Oneida saw Ha-ne-go-ate-geh [Ha-ne-go-ate-geh—Evil spirit or devil.—Iroquois.] whose wigwam is covered with the scalps of the Iroquois. Oneida tried to shoot him but the Great Spirit covered him with a cloud, when Wah-na-tau raised his rifle, flint no strike fire."

"I am very glad of it, Oneida," said the Judge in severe tones; "if your rifle had not missed fire and you had killed him it would have been murder and the law would have punished you."

"Why law no punish him?" inquired the Indian fiercely.

"Tomahawk buried deep—what for Ha-ne-go-ate-geh dig it up? Law same for pale face—same for redskin."

"Oneida," replied the Judge, "I do not know anything about this 'evil spirit,' but I do know that the law protects the Indians who are at peace with us as it does our own people; and the Great Father at Washington will care for the safety of his red children the same that he does for his white, and he will punish those who injure them."

"Why no punish Ha-ne-go then?" asked the Indian. "He take fifty—hundred—many scalps since hatchet buried. He kill many hunters no-on war-path; no law punish him. Bye and bye Indian dig up hatchet, 'gain go on war-path and take scalp, too. No right for law to punish red men and let White Devil go."

"That is true, Oneida, and when I go to Washington I will tell the Great Father about it, and he will have him punished. Where does this evil spirit live, and how does he look?"

"He live yonder," said the Indian pointing in a southeasterly direction, "on the shore of Cha-da-qua Te-car-ne-o-di. [Cha-da-qua Te-car-ne-o-di—Chautauqua Lake, meaning in Iroquois, the place where one was lost]. Indian no dare go there to fish. Ha-ne-go kill, take scalp. He tall like hemlock. He talk with Great Spirit and devil. Evil spirit throw blanket over him. Indian can't kill him. Oneida try five—six times—flint no strike fire. Gun no go off. Oneida 'fraird for his scalp; no try any more. Ha-ne-go no stop; scalp Indian. Indian dig up tomahawk. Law no punish him—no punish Indian."

Here the colloquy between the Judge and his guide ceased, and for a number of hours they pursued their way through the forest in silence, broken only by their own foot-steps and an occasional inquiry by the Judge in relation to some stream they crossed or unusual object they passed as they followed the trail.

Judge Hall pondered long and deeply upon the events of the last few hours; the conversation with old Joe Smiley, and the narration of his Indian guide made him suspect that Munson was the dreaded Ha-ne-go-ate-geh or evil spirit the Iroquois so much dreaded and of whom he had heard many weird tales related around bivouac and camp-fire.

It was a prevailing belief among the Indians of that day

that insane persons were under the especial care of the Great Spirit; that it was impossible to injure them without incurring the anger of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Great Ruler, or He-no, the Thunderer. These superstitions were prevalent among all the Indian tribes, and if, when on their marauding expeditions they captured a prisoner who was insane, the captive was safe from torture or the tomahawk.

The sun had passed the meridian several hours when the travelers reached a point where the trail approached the shore of the lake, and suddenly they emerged from a dense forest into an opening of some ten acres in extent. This clearing was evidently the work of man. A number of stumps and girdled trees yet remained, showing that it had once been covered with forest. A portion of the clearing of about three acres in extent was on a high bluff whose base was washed by the waves of the lake. It was entirely free from stumps or bushes and was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and clover. Several apple-trees, neglected and covered with moss or lichen, stood near a pile of half-burned logs and brands that seemed to be the debris of a cabin that had been destroyed by fire. A portion of a stone chimney yet remained. About two hundred feet from the ruins of the cabin was another pile of brands and half-burned logs that appeared to have been a stable or stock-yard.

The Judge paused near the edge of the bluff and loosing his bridle rein, permitted his wearied horse to crop the luxuriant grass and clover around him. For some moments he gazed in admiration over the magnificent landscape of lake, forest and clearing.

The bluff on which he stood was a hundred feet or more above the lake whose waves he could hear beating against its base. To the North was a wide expanse of water whose distant boundary was lost in the clouds that seemed to drop from the sky to mingle with their kindred element; on the South, a dense forest swept in a crescent whose points touched the lake on either side of the bluff, and whose circle enclosed the lonely clearing.

"What a magnificent prospect," involuntarily exclaimed Judge Hall as he looked around him; "one to confound the infidel, for the man who cannot see the power and majesty of the Creator in a scene like this is blind indeed. What do you think, Oneida?" continued he to his

guide, who stood near him leaning on his rifle. "Cannot you see the work of the Great Spirit in this glorious landscape?"

"Oneida sees what the Great Spirit has done everywhere," replied the guide. "He made the woods for his red children and the open country for the pale faces; and the great waters for both. The pale face take the woods from red man. Why Indian have not same right? Take open country from white man?"

"But Oneida, the white man's government buys the land from the Indians and pays them for it," said the Judge.

"When pale face pay for land?" inquired Oneida fiercely. "White man first give Indian fire-water and then buy land for nothing; give Indian little money, few blankets, much rum and beads. Great Spirit gave wood to red man and his children forever. Chiefs no right to sell what He-no give his people. White man here once," continued Oneida, "cut down trees, build wigwam yonder. Who he buy Indian's land of? He no buy land—he steal it from the red man."

"Were you ever here before, Oneida? Do you know who made this clearing?" inquired the Judge.

The Indian glared fiercely around him a moment, and then pointing to the ruins of the cabin, said:

"Many moons ago red warrior take scalp yonder. Wah-na-tau was here with his braves; took silver scalp and black scalp and prisoner; hatchet dug up then; Iroquois on war-path."

Judge Hall looked at his guide in surprise, and was about to interrogate him farther when the sharp report of a rifle rang from a thicket in the border of the woods over a hundred rods distant. The Indian sprang from the ground and fell with a bullet in his breast. Raising his head with difficulty he gazed around at the surrounding woods a moment. Resting on one hand, he partly raised his body from the ground and attempted to grasp his fallen rifle; failing in that he pointed to the thicket above which a faint cloud of smoke was slowly ascending in the air. Then uttering the war cry of his people, mingled with the dread name of Ha-ne-go-ate-geh, he fell back and died.

The event was so sudden and unexpected that for a moment Judge Hall was bewildered with surprise and hor-

ror; when looking towards the thicket from whence the shot was fired, he saw the bushes open and the form of Munson appeared and approached him with rapid strides. At first he did not appear to notice Judge Hall, but with his rifle in his hand and in a position that it could instantly be raised for aim, he walked directly to the fallen Indian. When he reached the body he spurned it with his foot, and seemingly unconscious of the presence of Judge Hall, said in loud and frenzied tones:

"There lies another of the cursed crew. It is nearly the last, and then I will willingly die. It is an old debt, but it shall be paid to the last drop; yes, the last one shall die before my time is ended." Then apparently observing Judge Hall for the first time, he approached him, saying:

"Stranger, you are surprised at this, and perhaps you do not like this summary proceeding, but let me tell you—"

"Murder! Coward! Miscreant!" exclaimed the Judge, as he drew a pistol from his holster and was about to aim it at Munson, who sprang towards him, seized his hand and wresting the pistol from him threw it on the ground. Judge Hall drew another; instantly Munson seized it and apparently without an effort sent it whirling through the air far out into the lake.

"Have care, young man! Have care, or it will be the worse for you," said Munson in cool, deliberate tones. "I am not a man to suffer myself to be shot down like a dog by a stripling from the settlements; so be careful what you do; forbearance is not one of my virtues, neither am I a murderer or a coward. No man ever coupled those epithets with the name of William Munson in my presence before; and I can illy brook it now; but you are young and indiscretion is one of the weaknesses of youth. You had better curb your tongue, young man, for my head is not always right, nor my brain as cool and forgiving as at present. The time was, when had you called me a murderer and a coward on this spot I would have sent your body spinning into the lake yonder as I did your childish toy a moment ago."

"Well, sir," said Judge Hall, "I know you now have me completely in your power. I am disarmed and entirely at your mercy, and I advise you to use that power, for if you permit me to escape, think not that this bloody deed shall go unpunished, for I will have you hunted down like a

wild beast; and you shall be brought to justice as surely as there is a God above us."

"Take not His holy name in vain, young man," replied Munson in a solemn tone. "Many years have I lived in the wilderness away from the haunts of men, and never yet did I speak His name save in prayer. Your threats do not affect me in the least. I fear no power save God's, and that I obey. And did you attempt to execute your threats and hunt me down as you say, remember that with my only friend here (pointing to his rifle), I could reach my pursuers with death long before they could get near enough to harm me. It is over a quarter of a mile to yonder thicket from whence I shot the red devil that lies there, and there is not another gun on this continent that could send a bullet that distance and kill the object at which it was aimed. I know every stream, ravine and hillside between the Hudson and the Ohio, and I defy the attempts of your legal blood-hounds to follow my trail. No! No!! The Lord has me in His holy keeping and I fear not what man can do, for what avails his puny arm against the will of the Most High? I am safe to fill the measure of my days and complete the just vengeance my wrongs demand.

"Stranger," he continued in tones so solemn and impressive as to awe Judge Hall into silence and compel his attention, "listen to my story, and when you have heard it lay your hand upon your heart and condemn me if you will. I have never injured a white man or knowingly wronged a friend. I was born and lived until manhood in sight of the rock on which those who fled from religious intolerance and persecution in England first set their feet when they landed from the Mayflower. My father died and left me a large patrimony while I was yet a boy. The law guarded my property during my minority with watchful care, but it heeded not the morals of its ward. It is true I was compelled by the laws of the Puritans to attend church on Sunday to listen to the teachings of Christianity, yet the law permitted me to be tempted to my ruin every other day in the week.

"I married a beautiful and noble woman, but even her love and influence could not prevail against a depraved appetite, and the temptations found only among those people who call themselves Christians. The law guarded my property with one hand and with the other built hells,

of drunkenness to steal it from me as soon as it came under my control. When I became of age the law delivered to a drunkard the property it had protected with jealous care during his minority. At last I spent nearly all I had in drunkenness and dissipation; my wife begged and prayed for me to reform. I tried to do so in vain; wherever I went among a Christian people the tempter was always before me. I could not reform among my fellows and as the only safety against myself and the vices of a Christian community I fled from an enemy more to be dreaded than even the murderous savages.

"Twenty years ago I came into the wilderness with my wife and mother. I purchased this land where we now stand, of the state. With my own hands alone I made this clearing; yonder I built my cabin, and there two children were born to call me father; and here far away from laws and grog shops, out of the reach of my enemy I lived with my wife, my mother, and two little children in peace and happiness. About twelve years ago there was an Indian outbreak and predatory bands of savages were roaming the wilderness and murdering the settlers. I was so far away from the settlements that I hoped to escape; I forgot that I was near the old trail running East and West along the shore of the lakes. One evening late in autumn I had just finished gathering my little harvest into my barn which stood yonder where you see those charred remains. I was seated by my fireside in my cabin which stood where you see that fallen chimney and the ruins of as happy a home as a husband and father ever enjoyed. We had just finished our evening meal, and I had taken up my Bible for our evening devotions. I had learned to pray in the wilderness, and to thank God that the vices of a Christian people were far away from me. My dog barked. Immediately the dreadful war-whoop of the savages rang out from the woods yonder. I sprang up and bolted my door. I heard the footsteps of the approaching Indians, then a shot and a howl of pain told me that they had killed my faithful dog and that I and mine could expect no mercy.

"Almost instantly my door was burst open and my cabin filled with yelling savages. I seized my rifle and the foremost fell. I clubbed my gun and cleared the room. I closed the door and again fastened it, but the fiends set fire to the roof over our heads. I seized my ax,

opened the door and rushed out among them. A number fell beneath my blows, but they overpowered me and bound me and dragged me out by yonder stone. My two children ran out after me. My boy was ten years old and my little girl four. While the savages were dragging me along I heard my little boy cry, 'Father! father! where are you?' I struggled fiercely with those that held me and turned around just as an Indian sunk his tomahawk into the head of my poor boy. The painted devil stopped a moment to tear the scalp from his bleeding head and then followed my little girl, who ran into yonder thicket of bushes on the brow of the bluff, and I thought I heard her dying scream as the fiend struck the murderous blow.

"Oh! my poor brain! I can hardly tell the tale; but my captors bound me hand and foot, and I was compelled to see my cabin burned to the ground and hear the shrieks of my wife and aged mother as they perished in the flames. Oh! God, can I ever forget it!"

He paused a moment and covered his face with his hands while tears of anguish ran down his furrowed cheeks. A moment passed and he proceeded, although his form shook like an aspen with the agony he endured at the recital.

"For a number of days after I was taken captive I knew nothing that transpired. 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' in His infinite kindness, blotted out my mind and recollections for a time from my frenzied brain, and but for the accomplishment of my great revenge I could wish that I had never recovered my reason and had never been able to recollect my wife and children again.

"I was deranged for a number of days. I do not know how long. This saved me from the torture for which I was intended and for which my life had been spared when my family was murdered. The Indians have a superstitious reverence for those they believe 'the Great Spirit has covered with his blanket,' and for this reason I was but lightly bound, although I was closely watched and guarded.

"I do not know how long I had been a captive, but it must have been several weeks, for when I recovered my senses my beard had grown long, my clothes were worn and ragged, and I was very much emaciated. Winter, too, had set in. The ground was covered with a deep snow

and it was bitter cold. We were on the banks of the Maumee river when my reason came back again.

"One night I awoke to a full consciousness of all that had happened me; a party of twenty or more Indians were sleeping around their camp-fire. No sentinel was on watch, and I knew from this that we were a long way from the scenes of their massacre, and that they were near their village and slept in confident security. I moved cautiously and found that my hands and feet were loosely bound with thongs. When I first awoke I could not remember anything and wondered why I was there and how I came to be a captive. At last the cloud seemed lifted from my mind and I remembered all, although it seemed like a horrible dream.

"When I became fully conscious of what had happened I knew I must have been insane a number of weeks, and knowing the superstition of the Indians I concluded that I had not been tortured or killed because they believed that the Great Spirit had me under his especial keeping. I determined then to feign insanity until I could make my escape; this I did for several days, and God knows it was not a difficult matter, for at times when I thought of my murdered mother, wife and children I was insane; but these spells passed off and I thirsted for revenge. Among the Indian warriors and the chief of the band was Wah-na-tau, who lies there on the grass. I saw the scalp of my little boy hanging to his belt; yes, the silken curls I had stroked so fondly, all stained with blood, were preserved as a trophy, or for the purpose of sale to the French in Canada, who were then paying for the scalps of murdered settlers.

"In the day time my hands were tied, but otherwise my limbs were free. One day all of my captors went on a hunting or marauding expedition except two who were left in charge of the camp and prisoner. I waited patiently and at last loosened the thongs that bound my hands, so that I could easily remove them when an opportune moment arrived.

"It came at last. My captors leaned their guns against a tree while they broiled some game by the fire. I gradually approached the guns until they were within my reach; in a moment the thongs fell from my wrists, and seizing a rifle I shot one of the Indians as he sat by the fire. The other attempted to rise, when with a blow from the breech

of the gun, I crushed his skull. With their own knives I scalped and mutilated them. Then concealing one of the rifles under the leaves, I fled with the other and at last joined the army of Col. Crawford on the frontier.

"Since then I have lived only to be revenged on the whole accursed race. I have killed hundreds, and so long as there is strength enough in these old arms to raise this rifle, so long will I continue to kill the red man.

"I knew that Wah-na-tau was your guide. I heard it at Fort Reed, and I followed your trail determined to kill the murdering devil who for so many years has eluded my pursuit.

"Of all that band of fiends that burned my house and murdered my wife and children, only one now remains 'to tell the story.' Nearly all of them fell by my hands, and their scalps hang in my cabin on the shore of Lake Chada-queh. The survivor is a warrior of gigantic size, known among his people as Ga-wa-no-das, meaning in Iroquois language, 'it thunders.'

"On the night my family was massacred, I heard his war-whoop above the crackling of the flames and the yells of his savage companions, and I shall never forget it. Often when I have been sleeping in the woods alone with God and my dreams of vengeance, I have been awakened by the echo of that terrible war-cry as it reverberated through my poor half-crazed brain. Sometimes I have heard it in the din of battle when the army was fighting the Canadians and Indians, and I sought for him in vain in the very heart of the battle.

"He has evaded my pursuit for years. I have followed his tracks to the Mississippi river, and from there to the northern lakes. He has escaped me so far, but there never yet was human power that could evade God's justice in the end, and I shall not die until I have killed him. I have prayed for this for long, long years, and I know God will answer my prayers.

"When I was a captive I saw a scalp hanging at his belt; it had long grey locks and I believed it was my mother's. But the hairs of her head are all numbered and I will not die until I have counted a scalp of an Indian for every hair torn from her poor old head. Oh! God," he cried in frenzied tones as he raised his hands towards heaven, "let me live until the full measure of Thy justice and my revenge are completed.

"Stranger," he continued in tones of increasing excitement, "I am not always right in my mind; I know it well, but I never harmed a friend, or even an enemy without cause; but the woods are full of strange voices; they whisper to me in every breeze that moves the leaves of the trees. I hear them in the babbling of every brook where I stoop down to drink. Even the birds and the insects that sing and chirp in the thickets as I pass along, all whisper in my ear the dear names of my murdered wife and children; and when at night I lay myself down by my camp fire alone in the deep woods, often my mother, my wife and my little boy come and sit down by me and talk to me. I see them as plainly as I see you, but I never see my little girl, and I wonder why it is. But stop! My mind wanders, and I forget what I was about to say to you.

"Go, stranger, cross that creek; the Indians call it Chadaqua Ga-hun-da. On the other bank you will strike a trail that will lead you to a settlement only four miles distant. There you can procure a guide. When you return home perhaps an aged mother will meet you with her blessings; a loving wife and children may greet you with smiles of welcome. If they do, think of the spot where you now stand and what has happened here; and when you have all that is dear to you in life torn from you in one moment and that, too, by the hands of the ruthless savages, condemn me then, but not till then. Good-bye, stranger, I must finish my work."

Then drawing a knife from his belt he sprang upon the body of Oneida. The keen point of the blade circled around the head of the savage, and in an instant the scalp lock was torn from the bleeding skull. Munson turned towards Judge Hall, and while his eyes glared with an expression of insane ferocity, he raised his arm, and shaking the bloody trophy in the air a moment, he uttered a maniacal yell and ran towards the thicket from whence he came. For a few moments after and at short intervals the Judge heard the cry repeated again and again, until at last its sound growing fainter and fainter, was lost in the distance and depths of the wilderness.

CHAPTER. III.

“To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.”
—Shakespeare’s *Othello*.

“Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another’s crimes.”
—Butler’s *Hudibras*.

For some moments after Munson had disappeared in the forest, Judge Hall sat thoughtfully looking at the body of Oneida. For some moments he pondered in doubt as to the course he should pursue. Should he make an information for murder against Munson before the first magistrate he found in any settlement that possessed so important a functionary, or should he keep the secret of the crime unrevealed and let the death of his guide remain a mystery?

His instincts as a lawyer prompted him to the former course; his sympathies as a man to the latter. The terrible story he had heard from the lips of Munson appealed to him in behalf of the unfortunate man, while the evident mental aberration caused by his great sorrow was a legal excuse for the act.

“What shall—what ought I to do?” he inquired of himself; then he remembered his own grey-haired mother whom he loved so devotedly, and who, when he left his home in the East, laid her loving hand upon his head and blessed him; and he whispered to the accusing spirit, “I have no wife and children, it is true; but if I was compelled to see my dear old mother become the victim of the

cruel barbarities of the savages as Munson did his, I would have done as he has.

"His partial insanity and insatiable feeling of revenge may have led him to indiscriminate slaughter of the innocent with the guilty; yet, in the death of Oneida it seems as if he was the proper avenger, and that it was but the justice of Heaven visited upon a brutal murderer. As a man I cannot condemn him, and why should I then as a Judge? In law, it certainly was a 'wilful, deliberate and premeditated murder,' but considering the place, the cause and the mental condition of the man who perpetrated it, I think it was but excusable homicide at the most, and I will hold my peace.

"But what shall I do with the body of Oneida? If I leave it here it will be torn in pieces and devoured by the wild beasts and birds, and I have not the wherewith to dig a grave. If I go to the settlement and send men to bury it, I shall have to explain all about it; this I cannot do without inculcating that unfortunate and miserable man."

The Judge thought a moment, then turning his eyes towards the lake he said: "Yonder is a fitting grave for a warrior beneath the waters of his beloved Gus-ha-wa-ga Te-car-ne-o-di. [Gus-ha-wa-ga Te-car-ne-o-di, Lake Erie; Mohawk; Gus-ha-wa-ga signifying "on the body"; Te-car-ne-o-di, Lake.] He will sleep as quietly as if he was covered with the leaves of the forest."

Alighting from his horse he approached the verge of the bluff, and looking into the water at its base, he saw from its color and the size of the waves that it was very deep where it washed the shore. Returning to the body he removed the belt of wampum that encircled it and taking a large stone from the ruined chimney, with the belt he lashed it securely to the feet of the corpse; he then dragged it to the verge of the cliff; pausing a moment he instinctively murmured a prayer and raising it from the ground plunged it into the lake. The sullen waters eddied and whirled a moment, then the waves swept over the grave, leaving naught to mark the last resting place of Wah-na-tau, the renowned chief and warrior of the Six Nations.

Judge Hall stood looking at the water for some moments after the body of Oneida had sunk beneath its depths, when suddenly a hand was laid rudely on his

shoulder, and a voice he had never heard before, said in stern and accusing tones:

"How now, stranger! What is this you have been doing? Whose body was that you have just flung into the lake?"

The Judge turned suddenly and saw the stalwart form of a middle-aged man standing by his side. On the spot where Oneida had fallen stood two other men who appeared to be closely examining the ground and clots of blood that stained the grass, as well as the fallen rifle of the Indian and the pistol of Judge Hall, which Munson had wrested from his hand and thrown upon the ground. The men were dressed in the usual costume of the settlements of the frontier that we have described in a former chapter, and with moccasined feet had trodden the grassy surface of the clearing so noiselessly that Judge Hall had not heard their approach. Each of the men carried a rifle and the one who stood nearest to the Judge had a surveyor's compass slung by a strap under his arm. In addition to their rifles one of the men carried an axe and the other a Jacob staff and surveyor's chain.

For a moment Judge Hall was too much astonished and confused to answer the questions so abruptly propounded to him. His legal mind took in the situation at a glance. He hesitated as to what answer he could make that would not criminate Munson or direct suspicion towards himself. He knew that he was seen alone in the clearing in the very act of throwing a dead body into the lake. The pools of blood on the grass indicated a death by violence; the loaded rifle of Oneida and his own pistol also loaded by its side, its companion which Munson had thrown in the lake unaccounted for and its holster empty. How could he explain all these circumstances without implicating the unfortunate man? And if he did not explain them, how could he escape the suspicion they would naturally create against himself?

The Judge saw it all with the eye of a lawyer; he knew the force of circumstantial evidence, and he knew that these circumstances unexplained would weigh with terrible force against him if he should be arraigned for murder and tried in the primitive courts of the new country. Not only this, but the delay incident to an arrest, even if he was discharged on a preliminary examination, might

be fatal to his mission. The government required an immediate investigation of the cause and extent of the opposition in Western Pennsylvania to the collection of the tax on whiskey, and a report of the same; great interest was at stake. The country was threatened with civil war, which might be averted by his presence in the West or precipitated by his absence.

Brave men think rapidly and even logically in times of danger and all these reflections passed through the mind of Judge Hall almost instantaneously when they were interrupted by the question being repeated by the man at his side, with increased sternness. There was accusation in the tone in which it was uttered, and condemnation in its words.

"Whose body was that you flung from the cliff into the lake, and what is the meaning of that blood? Why did you kill him?"

While Judge Hall was being interrogated, the two men who stood on the spot where Onaida had fallen, looked at him suspiciously, while they examined the rifle of the Indian and the pistol of the Judge which they had picked up from the ground.

"The body you saw me bury in the lake was that of Wah-na-tau, an Iroquois chief, but I did not kill him. He was shot by one who was concealed in the woods yonder," the Judge replied, with a calmness he did not feel.

"Shot from yonder woods?" ejaculated the man in a tone of incredulity. "A long shot, stranger. There is not a rifle in the country that will throw a ball that distance and kill a man. Did you see the one who fired the shot? We heard the report of a gun when we were in the woods. It sounded as if it was at this place. We came here, and just as we reached the clearing we saw you dragging the body of a man towards the edge of the cliff, and throw it into the lake. We were not near enough to tell whether it was the body of a white man or an Indian; but who shot him? and why was it done? You must know all about it, and your safety demands that you explain the matter fully."

"What right have you to interrogate me?" replied the Judge somewhat haughtily.

"The right that God has given every honest man to arrest a murderer caught in the very act," said his interrogator in resolute tones. "Besides complaints have been

made to the Attorney General at Albany that a number of peaceable Indians in Western New York have been killed in the woods by the settlers without cause, and a part of my business in this portion of the State is to inquire into the facts and report the same to him. Come, you must go with us to the settlement, and you will find that the arm of the law is strong enough to protect even the peaceable Indians in this wilderness."

Judge Hall saw at once the difficulties that surrounded him. If he made himself and his mission known it would defeat its object; besides, as the feeling then was in the border settlements, it was as safe to be accused of murder upon circumstantial evidence as it was to be accused by positive evidence of being an emissary of the Government in enforcing the odious tax on whiskey. On the other hand, if he told the whole truth, it would implicate Munson, and even then he was not certain that the story would be believed. The waters of the lake were so deep that it was impossible to recover the body of Oneida, when the scalped head and marked bullet of Munson would have confirmed his story. He thought swiftly and came to the conclusion natural to a lawyer, that silence for the present was the safest course. When the time came that rendered it necessary to tell all, he could do so, and by that time Munson would be beyond reach of pursuit.

"Where do you propose to take me?" inquired the Judge. "I am ready to go with you even though you have no warrant or legal process to justify my arrest."

"You are mistaken, young man," coolly replied the man by his side. "The law does not require a warrant or legal process of any kind to justify the arrest of a person for the commission of a felony, when that person is caught 'flagrante delicto.' Every man has a right to arrest another when detected in the very act of crime, and even pursue him with 'hue and cry' and capture him if he is attempting to escape, and to use sufficient force to secure the criminal. This is a common law right and is as old as civilization."

"There are the ear-marks of a lawyer in that opinion," whispered the Judge to himself, as he scanned more closely the person of his captor. "I am safe in such hands for a time at least. It is the unthinking, unreasoning and ignorant mob that is to be feared when innocent

men are accused of the commission of a crime upon suspicious circumstances."

While he thus reasoned with himself he had time to observe the persons of all his captors. Two of them were evidently hunters or backwoodsmen of the frontier, of the ordinary class, but the deference shown by them to the third man, as well as his conversation and appearance plainly indicated that he was not an uneducated frontiersman. The expression of his features alone showed this; so positively and clearly does education and a cultured intercourse with the world stamp their impress on the human countenance that the most unskilled in physiognomy can discern them at a glance.

"General," said one of the men who had been examining the ground where Oneida fell, and who had picked up his fallen rifle, "this here gun is loaded yet, and if ye look inter the muzzle ye'll see it haint bin shot fer some time. Besides the priming on the pan is packed. It's not fresh as ye can see; this rifle haint bin shot fer a day or two, that's sartain."

"It's jest so with this thing, General," said the third man, who had been examining the pistol Munson had wrested from the Judge and thrown on the ground. "This pistol is loaded and haint bin fired off fer some time. The 'frizen is rusty and haint bin scratched by a flint fer a good while. The man in the lake warn't killed by it, sure as ye'r born."

The "General" looked surprised and turned an inquiring glance on the Judge, who smilingly remarked:

"There is wood-craft and judgment to sustain my innocence against your law that suspects me. I am certain that the pistol has not been fired for a number of weeks, as my friend there has discovered, and I do not believe that the rifle has been used for several days. No, men, it was neither of those weapons that shot my Indian guide whose body you saw me throw over the cliff into the lake."

At this the "General" walked to the horse that was feeding near by, and lifting the cover of both holsters, said:

"Stranger, where is the companion of that pistol? It is not here, and yet the holster is worn with recent use."

"It is in the lake yonder," answered the Judge. "It was thrown there by the man who shot my guide, and who disarmed me as I was about to shoot him."

"Who was the man? Where did he go? Why did he

kill the Indian, and why did you throw the body in the lake?" asked the "General," in peremptory tones.

"Those questions I cannot answer now," replied Judge Hall, "and I deny your right to interrogate me in the tone and manner you have. I do not feel at liberty to implicate others. I submit, therefore, in silence to your common law right to arrest me and demand an immediate hearing before the nearest magistrate, and it must be on a complaint made under oath and in proper form charging me with the crime of murder. If you fail in showing a probable cause for my arrest, I will prosecute you for false imprisonment to the extent of the law."

The "General" looked at Judge Hall a moment, and whispered to himself: "A brother chip—a lawyer, eh? Yes, I see the ax marks of the profession in his appearance and speech as plainly as I ever saw a blaze on a tree."

"Young man," said he, "I feel it to be my duty to detain—not arrest you, and take you to the village at the head of Cha-da-quā Lake, about ten miles distant. There is a magistrate there who will inquire into the matter. Perhaps, however, if you were to make us an explanation of this singular and suspicious occurrence, we might not feel it obligatory on us to detain you."

Judge Hall reflected a few moments and concluded that it was better for him to remain silent. He was at a loss what explanation to make that would screen himself and not implicate Munson, whose terrible wrongs and mental condition had so deeply aroused his sympathy.

"I will go with you," he replied, "wherever you desire to take me. I am aware that the circumstances that surround me are very suspicious, yet I am wholly innocent, and if you knew me you would not hesitate in believing me, but I am a stranger and must submit."

The Judge was permitted to mount his horse, although one of the men led it by the bridle rein to prevent his escape.

The path or trail they traveled ran nearly south and seemed to be a continued ascent for a number of miles. It led through a dense wilderness unbroken until they had reached the summit of the rising ground, when they came to a clearing of some twenty acres in extent, nearly in the center of which stood the log cabin, barn and out-buildings of some thrifty settlers. The well-tilled fields were shorn of their summer vegetation, yet

the well-filled barn and cribs indicated the industry of its provident owner. It was a characteristic American home of that day; the primogenitor of future orchards and dairies with unlimited acres of rich pasturage and boundless fields of growing grain. Of such homes as this was there were only a few hundred west of the Allegheny mountains at the date of our story, and many of these were in daily danger of the torch and scalping-knife of the savages.

The two companions of the "General" did not share his feelings towards Judge Hall. Even if he were guilty of the crime suspected, they looked upon the act as a venial offense. Their estimate of the value of the life of an Indian was far below that of the Common Law. There was hardly a pioneer on the western frontier but regarded an Indian about the same as they did a panther or any other dangerous wild beast of the wilderness. If, therefore, it was true that the stranger had killed one and thrown his body in the lake, it only made them feel more kindly towards him, and more desirous of extending to him the hospitality for which the early settlers of this country were noted.

The party halted before the door of the cabin, and were greeted by a comely looking matron, who was the wife of the man who led the horse of Judge Hall. A half-dozen of flaxen-haired children thronged around the father and welcomed him with childish prattle, while they gazed at Judge Hall with wonder-dilated eyes.

"Light down, stranger! light down!" said the man to Judge Hall, in hearty tones of welcome. "Ye must be hungry, but my old woman will give ye as good a supper as can be scared up in these woods. Go in, 'General,' go in Sam, and I will look to the prisoner. The sun is an hour and a half high, and it's only two miles to the Inlet; so ye have plenty of time fer supper." The "General" stepped into the cabin, when the man coming closer to the Judge, said in subdued tones:

"Stranger, I don't believe ye killed the Injun, though it wouldn't bin much matter if ye did. Sam and I saw two pools of blood on the grass where the body laid afore ye threw it in the lake; one pool was from the bullet-hole in his body; the other where his head lay arter he'd bin scalped."

Judge Hall looked at him in surprise and was about to

“Hush! hush! Say nothing, stranger; I think I know who did the job. You never mind. When they take ye to the village at the Inlet, don’t say nothin’; they’ll put ye in the jail to-night, and about moon-rise you look fer friends; ye jist listen fer the hoot of an owl and come to the winder of yer cell and put yer hand through the bars so we can see where ye are, and we’ll have ye out quicker’n lightnin’. There are two cells in the jail, both on the ground floor. I don’t know which one they’ll put ye in, but you run yer hand out to let us know, and yer friends will not be far off. Don’t say nothin’ to the ‘General’ about Bill Munson, and you shan’t be hurt. When you start arter supper, leave yer hoss here with me. I’ll take good care of it till ye get it again.”

“Jonas! Jonas!” called the matron from the cabin door, “what makes ye so slow? Come in right away or the supper will be cold and not fit to eat. I expected ye home long before this,” continued the woman, as her husband and Judge Hall entered the cabin. “Yer welcome, stranger. Sit down to the table. I know ye must be tired and hungry surveyin’ all day through the woods and over the hills. Did ye find the line ye was huntin’ arter, Jonas?”

“Yes, Dolly,” replied the husband affectionately; “yes, we found the line and run it down to Munson’s clearin’, where we found this stranger, and I took the liberty of invitin’ him home to supper.” Here he exchanged a knowing glance with the prisoner. The “General” looked grave and turned the conversation in another channel by praising the good woman’s savory corn bread and delicious broiled venison steak.

Supper over, the “General” remarked: “Come, men, we must be going; it is nearly sunset and it will be dark before we reach the Inlet.”

“I don’t s’pose ye need me, General, do ye?” inquired Jonas. “There ain’t no one to do the chores but Dolly and the children; you two can take care of one man as far as the Inlet, can’t ye?”

“I pledge my word and honor not to try to escape before I get to the village,” said Judge Hall. “I have committed no crime and have nothing to fear from an investigation save the delay that may arise from my detention;

great interests are at a stake in my journey, and any delay may work a great public injury."

"I do not know how that is," replied the "General," "but it is certainly of great interest to the people of New York that the lives of all peaceable citizens are protected, whether they be Indians or whites. It is a part of my mission to see that the peaceful relations between the Six Nations and the government are maintained. It is very important just now when the Western tribes are on the war-path, that we should do nothing to disturb the friendly feeling existing between us and the Iroquois, and what we saw at the cliff to-day must be investigated. It is a part of the duty intrusted to me by the government, and I cannot permit the occurrence at Munson's clearing to pass unnoticed. But, Jonas, I do not think it necessary for you to go any farther. Sam and I can take care that our prisoner does not escape, even should he attempt it in violation of his word."

"My word has never been disputed, or my honor doubted by those who know me," said Judge Hall, haughtily.

"Perhaps so," replied the "General," "but then, young man, we don't know you; and the incident that led to our acquaintance is not one calculated to beget that confidence in your honesty, that your character may deserve. But let us be moving, or night may overtake us in the woods."

"Jonas," said the Judge, "I will walk to the Inlet. Will you take good care of my horse during my absence? I do not know how long I may be detained, but I shall want him on my release, for I have a long journey before me."

"I will take good care of him, stranger, until you want him again, which I hope won't be long." The two exchanged glances of mutual understanding; then the Judge accompanied by Sam and the "General" started across the clearing towards the Inlet and soon disappeared in the woods.

"What does it mean, Jonas Birch?" inquired his good wife, after the men had left the cabin and were crossing the clearing towards the head of the lake. "Who is that stranger, and what has he bin a doin'?"

Jonas hastily related to his wife the circumstances we have narrated, and explained to her the project he had in view of liberating Judge Hall. "You will have to do up

the chores, Dolly," he said, "for I must go down to the lake and get Bill to help me. We will take his canoe and row up to the Inlet; we will get there about moon-rise, and we'll have the stranger out if we have to tear the old log shanty down to do it."

"All right, Jonas," said his wife, encouragingly, "but be keeferful and don't do anything unlawful. What if he did kill an Injun!—that's nothing to make a fuss about; if the government had to sleep every night in fear of being scalped and murdered, as the settlers do, they wouldn't be so particular to count every dead Injun that's found in the woods."

Jonas led the horse of Judge Hall to the stable; provided plentifully for him during the night. Then throwing a strong log chain across his shoulders, he crossed the clearing towards the lake, and striking a not very plainly marked trail, was soon lost to the view of his anxious wife in the darkness of the wilderness.

When the "General" reached the Inlet or village at the head of the lake with his captive, it was quite dark; the street of the little hamlet was deserted; bright fires gleamed from a number of the windows of the cabins as they passed, revealing happy fireside groups where father, mother, sons and daughters were engaged in some of the necessary domestic industries incident to frontier life. These rural homes exist no longer in this country. The Geni steam, with his cohort, electricity, have annihilated time and space. We have frontiers no longer, American enterprise and civilization have swept over the continent from the Atlantic, and only paused to take breath on the shores of the Pacific. Our means of rapid transit have made the prairies of the West, only suburban to our Eastern cities.

At the request of Judge Hall, his captors conducted him immediately to the place where he was to be securely kept until morning, when he was to have a hearing before a magistrate. The building was a large two-story structure of logs. The lower story being divided into three rooms, one of them extending along the front was used for a school where the flaxen-haired urchins of the settlement were, during the winter months, taught the rudiments of the education necessary to the future legislator and congressman. The two rooms running along the side farthest from the street were used as cells or

"lock-ups" in which were occasionally confined the refractory settlers, who, when becoming unduly exhilarated with the popular beverage of the day, violated some of the proprieties of the settlement; as yet the majesty of the law had not asserted itself through its courts and juries in the wilderness of Northwestern New York. The county of Chautauqua was not organized until nearly twenty years after the date of our story; the first court being held at the Inlet or Mayville, as it was afterwards called, in February, A. D. 1811.

The cells or "lock-ups" had each an iron-barred window opening from the back of the building. These windows were two feet square, and the bars were rods of inch and a half iron inserted into the logs at the top and bottom of the windows. This primitive bastile would have made a modern burglar smile, yet it was a terror to all the convivial settlers and evil-doers for miles around. The upper story of the building was used for public worship, and its rude pulpit was frequently occupied by itinerant ministers of the popular creeds of the day.

The keeper of the jail was also the deputy sheriff of the county, whose extended boundaries then included the Inlet and Lake. He was found at his home on the opposite side of the street, seated by his fire-side, engaged in the primitive occupation of making "split brooms" for home consumption and the Eastern market. He received the prisoner with considerable curiosity, and conducted him to the inner bastile we have described.

A bed of clean straw was prepared for the Judge, who smiled good-humoredly at the rustic simplicity of his couch. Over this was thrown a blanket and a bear skin and the arrangements were completed; the Sheriff placed a huge iron padlock in the staple and hasps that secured the door, and returning home resumed his pipe and broom with an unbounded confidence in the impregnability of the public building under his charge.

The hours of the night passed slowly to Judge Hall. He had no fears of a conviction of murder, but he was annoyed at the probable delay his arrest might cause him. If the magistrate should on hearing, hold him for trial, he would have to be taken to the distant county seat, and it might be weeks or even months before the court would sit, and all this time he would be imprisoned. If he related the facts connected with the death of Oneida it

might lead to the arrest and conviction of Munson for murder and subsequently to his execution. At this his heart revolted. He determined he would not by his testimony send to the gallows the unfortunate man who was made partially insane by his terrible wrongs. He therefore resolved to escape if possible. When he had completed his mission in Western Pennsylvania and returned to Washington, the incident of Oneida's death would be lost in the more stirring events of the times, and would be forgotten, or at least he would be safe from arrest.

In the meantime he would be secure in the wilderness he must traverse to reach his destination. Then he would be safe from pursuit. The recent disastrous defeat of St. Clair in Ohio had exposed the frontiers of the West to the attacks of predatory bands of hostile savages; and he believed he would be forgotten in the general anxiety and alarm that would soon prevail in all the frontier settlements.

Having come to this conclusion, Judge Hall waited impatiently for the rising moon and the signal promised him by Jonas Birch. Was he certain that this man could be trusted? He was an entire stranger, and why should he feel a sufficient interest in him to justify the danger of a violation of the law by assisting him to escape? Birch had a valuable horse in his possession, and might not cupidity induce the man to attempt to secure it by leaving him to his fate? He could not believe it; "no man with such a face and such a wife could be a scoundrel," reasoned Judge Hall, "and besides how glad his children were to see him to-day, and how affectionately he caressed them. No, no," he continued, "I have confidence in him."

At this point his logic was interrupted by the beams of the rising moon shining through the branches of the forest trees. He listened intently and in a few moments he distinctly heard the hoot of an owl in the distance; a few moments more and he heard it again, but much nearer than at first. Looking anxiously through the bars of his window he soon saw the forms of two men approaching the jail from the woods. Fortunately the window of the room in which he was confined was on the side of the jail from the street and towards the forest. He thrust his hand between the bars; it was instantly observed by the men who were now cautiously but swiftly

approaching the building; soon they were so near it that they could not be seen from the street.

"Are ye there, stranger?" inquired Jonas Birch in a whisper. "Is anybody with ye in that room?"

"No," said the Judge, "I am alone, but how will you remove the bars of my window?"

"Easy enough, stranger; easy enough," replied Birch as he noiselessly unwound a log chain from his shoulder. Approaching the window he passed the hook of the chain around a bar. "Here, stranger," said he as he handed him the end of a small rope which was attached to the hook through the bars; "you haul taut on this rope so when the bar comes out the chain won't fall to the ground and wake up the sheriff. Keep the hook up to the middle of the bar; so!"

Judge Hall did as he was directed. The other man now approached with a long stout "hand-spike," and placing one end against the logs at the side of the window he wound the chain around it securely.

"Give her a short bight, Bill," whispered Jonas, "and we'll fetch her as if she was made of lead." "Now then," he continued, "put your baby strength on the handspike! Easy, easy, easy, so as not to make any noise; here she comes!!"

As the men put their strength to the lever, the bar gradually bent outward in the center, and as Jonas concluded his remarks the ends of the iron drew out of the logs, and bar and chain would have fallen to the ground but for the rope in the hands of the Judge.

With this rope he carefully and noiselessly lowered the bar and chain to the ground. The operation was repeated until three bars were removed leaving an opening sufficiently large to admit the body of a man. Through this opening Judge Hall with the assistance of Jonas soon made his exit from the jail and stood by the side of his rescuers. As the rays of the rising moon fell upon them, the Judge recognized in the companion of Birch the gigantic form of Munson, who approached him and grasped his extended hand with the force of a vise.

"Young man," said he, in solemn though subdued tones, "Jonas Birch has told me all that happened at the cliff, after I left you. He told me you refused to mention my name when by so doing you could have entirely exculpated yourself from a false accusation of murder; for

murder it was not unless executing the stern decree of the Almighty is a crime. The Great Being has destined you for a nobler purpose than either a prison or a gallows. A man who would not betray an unfortunate stranger to save himself from imprisonment is made of different material from the common potters' clay of mankind. I have told Birch all about the death of your guide, and why I killed the red devil who murdered and scalped my little boy. But we have no time now to say more. Come with us and in an hour's time you will be safe from pursuit.

For the space of half an hour the men pursued their way in silence, when they emerged from a dense woods and approached the shore of Cha-da-quá Lake. Here Munson drew a canoe from a clump of flags and bushes where it had been concealed. "This will leave no trail behind us," he said. "The eye of the Creator alone can track man's footsteps across the deep. The bloodhounds of the law may hunt for our trail in vain, on the surface of this lake. For years I have lived alone upon its shores, and often have I been beset by my enemies, but He who walked the stormy waves of Galilee and answered the prayer of Peter, 'Lord save me,' presides over this wilderness and on these waters. He heard my petition and delivered mine enemies into my hands; and so he will continue to do until my measure is filled and my time has come. But let us make haste, stranger, and your safety is assured."

The three men stepped into the canoe. Munson and Birch plied the paddles cautiously for a few moments, until the shore had disappeared from view and the moonlight seemed to rest like a silvery dome on a base of placid water around them. Then exerting their strength with less caution and more vigorous strokes the light boat darted over the lake with increased velocity, and in a few moment's time rounded a point on its western shore a league distant from the place whence it started. Here the men landed in a dense thicket of hazel bushes and undergrowth that lined the shore of the little bay they had entered. Munson concealed the canoe in a bed of flags that grew near the beach and that could only be reached by wading several rods in the shallow water between them and the shore.

"Follow us, stranger," he said. "But few know where

I make my home in this wilderness, and they are my friends."

Munson led the way followed by Birch and Judge Hall, and soon the lake was hidden from view by the dense foliage of the forest through which they wended their way, following the bed of a small rivulet that obliterated their tracks as they passed

CHAPTER IV.

"It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite,
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind;
The lighter pine trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy."

—Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And coming events cast their shadows before."

—Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning."

A little over a league from the head of Cha-da-quua Lake is a point of land extending out several hundred feet into its placid waters. Below this point is a little bay, or what was in some far distant geological period an estuary of a stream of water that poured out of a deep ravine some seventy rods distant from the present shore of the lake, but the breath of unnumbered centuries had dried up its waters, until at the time of our story it was a small rivulet whose source was a spring that poured its crystal current from a ledge of rocks that formed the

terminus of the ravine. This ravine extended back into the hill-side several hundred feet. Its precipitous sides were covered with a prolific growth of forest trees and "under-wood." From its mouth the ground gradually descended to the water's edge, where the rocks were piled in picturesque confusion along the shore, as if nature had once attempted to form a fantastic barrier between the two contending forces of lake and forest.

A dense thicket of witch-hazel mingled with pine and hemlock completely concealed the ravine from view until the observer stood upon its brink or at its mouth. In the angle of its northern bank and the ledge of rocks that formed its terminal, there stood a rude and curiously devised structure of logs, stone and earth, so artfully concealed by moss, vines, ferns and under-wood that even the eye of an experienced woodsman would have passed it by unnoticed.

The logs which formed its walls were hewed on three sides and so laid together that their uniform surfaces left no crevices between them, through which a bullet might pass. The inside of the walls was straight and even, forming perpendicular faces of hewed timber nicely adjusted, and smoothed with ax and adze. The outside of the logs was covered with the bark of the trees, as they stood in the forest. The roof and ceiling combined were constructed of puncheons or logs split through their center and laid on the walls of the structure with their bark outward. These were covered with clay and forest mold in which a luxuriant growth of ferns and forest shrubs had taken root, while moss-covered fragments of half-decayed logs were scattered over its surface.

The roof descended from the bank towards the rivulet, and its artificial structure was so artfully concealed that to an observer from either side of the ravine who looked down upon it, it appeared to be a portion of the bank covered with a dense growth of forest vegetation.

The sides of this curious structure were so completely covered with woodbine and other climbing vines as to conceal the logs of which its walls were constructed. The door was next to the ledge of rocks from which the spring and rivulet were supplied with water, and was concealed by a cluster of young pines and hemlocks. The only path which led to the door was the bed of the rivulet along which every person must pass who entered this half

cabin and half grotto, and in doing so the stony bed of the little stream, always covered a few inches deep with water, would retain no impress or foot-print. The structure was so ingeniously devised and so cunningly constructed to escape observation, that its presence would be unnoticed and unsuspected by persons within a few feet of its threshold.

The chimney was a long ditch dug in the side of the bank, walled with stone and covered with earth. It ran along the side of the ravine a number of rods until it opened under a large flat rock that projected from the bank amidst a dense cluster of under-wood. From this chimney the smoke of dry wood or charcoal would pass almost invisible, and could only be seen by a person near the mouth of the ravine.

There was so little appearance of a human habitation in this lonely glen, that its existence was unsuspected by the settlers at the head of the lake, and was known only to a favored few, who like Jonas Birch, could call its owner "my friend."

A few hours after the incidents related in the last chapter, Munson, Birch and Judge Hall entered the singular habitation we have described. With flint, steel and tinder Munson soon lighted an iron lamp that was suspended by a chain from the center of the roof, and kindled a fire of dry hickory wood in a fire-place cut deep in the ledge of rocks that formed one end of the cabin. The bright blaze soon illuminated the room and diffused a genial warmth through its farthest recesses.

Judge Hall looked around him in astonishment. He had been unable to observe closely the outside of the structure, as the moon shed but a feeble light through the dense foliage of the trees of the ravine. In fact he had observed nothing that indicated a human habitation until they reached the very door of the cabin, and he was surprised when Munson seemed to unlock and open a portion of the ledge of rocks itself when he opened the door; but he was yet more astonished at what he saw when lamp and fire had lighted the interior of this singular abode.

Looking around him Judge Hall saw a spacious room some thirty feet in length by eighteen or twenty in width. Towards the bank the ceiling or roof was over twelve feet in height, but descending towards the outer wall where it was considerably lower. The sides of the room presented

a uniform surface of hewed logs smoothed and adjusted with considerable skill. Over the fire-place was a rude shelf or mantel on which the Judge observed with surprise a number of volumes of books, and placed conspicuously in their center was a large Bible whose well-worn binding indicated its frequent use. Curiosity prompted the Judge to read the titles of a few of the volumes by its side; and he could not suppress a smile when he read the names of a number of the good old publications that even at that time were considered somewhat antiquated on the subjects of which they treated. "The Groans of the Damned," stood lovingly by the side of "The Saints Rest," while "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted" and "The Plays of William Shakespeare" leaned affectionately against each other. A number of other works of like character formed the library of the recluse, and the constant perusal of their gloomy pages had served to increase the morbid condition of his mind, diseased and shattered by the terrible ordeal of the woe he had endured.

As Judge Hall turned from the contemplation of these cheerful titles the brightly blazing fire illumined every part of the room, and with a shiver of horror he saw that its walls were nearly covered with human scalps, while festoons of these bloody trophies hung from the ceiling over his head. At intervals along the sides of the cabin towards the rivulet and the mouth of the ravine were port-holes cut in the logs of the wall, of sufficient size to admit the sighting of a rifle or musket through them. These holes were stopped by wedge shaped blocks of wood that could be removed and replaced in a moment's time. Leaning against the racks placed along the sides of the room were several score of rifles and muskets, while bunches of tomahawks, scalping-knives, bullet pouches and powder-horns were suspended from the rafters. The side of the cabin next to the bank was a stone wall through which a door opened into some hidden recess in the hillside. This wall also was pierced with port-holes, and appeared to be an inner fortification behind which the garrison could retreat should the "out-works" be stormed and carried by a savage foe. Several rude chairs and stools were scattered around the room, and two bunks placed one above the other in a corner farthest from the fire, were covered with blankets and bear-skins. The cabin was scrupulously clean, and a few culinary imple-

ments of brass and copper that were hanging upon the wall shone in the fire-light as brightly as if they had been under the care of an accomplished house-wife.

For a moment Judge Hall stood looking in astonishment around him, but ever and anon as his eyes rested on the scalps that festooned wall and ceiling, an expression of disgust and horror passed over his features. Munson stood in the center of the room, watching him closely; observing the look, he raised his arm in an imposing manner and in deep and solemn tones said:

“Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.” Young man, these are the scalps of mine enemies! There are no locks of innocent childhood or of grey-haired, feeble old age among them. All of them are from the heads of warriors who rejoiced in murdering the helpless and unoffending. As the Lord delivered the hosts of the Amalekites into the hands of his servant David, that they might perish by the sword, so has he delivered the savages into my hands, that his awful decree should be fulfilled. ‘Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.’ I am but a feeble instrument in His hands to execute His just punishment on those who have cruelly shed the blood of his people. As Moses built his altar on a hill in the name of Jehovah-nissi, so have I built mine on the shore of this lake to offer up sacrifices in the name of the Lord. When God appointed the cities of refuge he said to his chosen people: ‘The avenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer: when he meeteth him he shall slay him.’

“Therefore, judge me not with human judgment. Condemn me not by human laws. I have but obeyed the commands of the Most High. When human laws are of no avail to protect the weak and helpless, then must the strong become the avenger of their wrongs. No law protected those I loved from the murderous hands of the savages, and I, their avenger, am commanded to slay their murderers when I meet them. This have I done, and this shall I continue to do until the mission of my poor life is ended.”

He paused a moment and bowed his head as if in prayer; a moment more and he straightened his tall form to its utmost height; his eyes glared with the wildness of insanity, and in a voice tremulous with the intensity of his emotions he continued:

"Here have I erected my altar! Here have I made my offerings to the Most High! Within these rude walls have I prayed that He would deliver mine enemies into my hands; and He has heard and answered my prayers. The shore of this lake is covered with the graves of those I have sacrificed in accordance with His commands. Because of these sacrifices this ground is made holy. The time shall come in the future when the place where we now are shall be dedicated to the worship of the Savior of mankind; songs and prayers shall stir the leaves of these trees as with the breath of the wind. A vast temple shall be erected here, and hither thousands shall come to listen to the voice of the servants of the Lord, as they shall expound the teachings of His holy word. The temple shall be lighted with the lightnings of Heaven. The bow of God's promise shall span its roof and its foundation. Around it will gather the habitations of those who love the Lord and obey its commands. The lake yonder shall be covered with arks like those of the early patriarchs. They shall be driven by fire and move without wind or sail. The blessings that shall spread from this place shall be like the dew and the summer showers that water the whole earth. All these things have I seen when communing with my Creator. His voice has whispered it in mine ears, as He did the coming future to the prophets of old, and verily shall all these things come to pass, for thus saith the Lord of Hosts."

He paused a moment, the strange light faded from his eyes, and sinking upon a chair he covered his face with his hands while his frame shook as with convulsions. Judge Hall and Jonas Birch stood in silence and awe, looking at the strange man who seemed to have uttered his singular prophecy unconscious of their presence or even of the import of his words he had spoken. A few moments he remained thus, when suddenly, and as if awakening from a sleep he started up and looking around with a bewildered gaze said: "I have heard the whispers again. I have heard them often in the dead of night when alone, but never before in human presence. But come, I must banish the phantasies of an overburdened heart and a diseased brain, to care for the welfare of him who has been endangered by my acts. Stranger, who are you? What do you seek? Whither do you go, and how can I assist you?"

The Judge hesitated a moment, then answered:

"My name is Frank Hall. I hold an appointment as a Judge of several Courts in Western New York and have been to Buffalo on business connected with my office. I also have a commission from President Washington directing me to go to Pittsburg to inquire into the condition of the frontiers in relation to the apprehended outbreak of the Indian tribes of Ohio, and other matters for which I have secret orders from the government. The defeat of St. Clair on the Miami river has encouraged the Western Indians, and it is feared that they are combining for a general outbreak, and will make an attack on the frontiers in the Spring if not before. General Anthony Wayne will be appointed to take command of an army to be raised as soon as possible and sent into Ohio to quell the turbulent savages. It is probable that next Summer will find us engaged in a general war with the western tribes. I wish to reach Pittsburg without delay, where I shall remain during the Winter. My duties completed there, in the Spring I shall join the army of Wayne in whatever capacity the government sees proper to appoint me."

"Judge Hall," said Munson, "there is indeed eminent danger of an Indian outbreak next season. The savages will not make a combined attack of the frontiers this Winter. The cold and snow will prevent that, but as soon as the Spring opens all the western tribes will be on the war-path. The sky will be lurid with the flames of the burning homes of the settlers. The streams will run red with their blood. The air will be filled with the shrieks of the victims of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Hundreds of husbands and fathers are fated to see what I saw on that terrible night, and suffer what I have suffered; but the army of the Most High will prevail as the army of David did against the Philistines. All these things have been whispered in mine ears, and the Lord of Hosts has commanded me to be there in the front of the battle, and I will obey His commands. I will raise a band of riflemen from the settlements on the shore of the great lake. I have arms and equipments here which I have wrested from mine enemies, and in His all powerful name we will assemble and we will smite the savages from the rising to the setting of the sun. We will slay and spare not; we will execute the vengeance of the Lord on

the enemies of His people, as did Moses on the Midianites when God commanded him to slay both young and old with the edge of the sword."

"Munson," said Birch, "how can the stranger travel safely? I'm afeared the 'General' will be arter him with a lot of settlers at the head of the lake if he travels on hoss-back."

"Who is this man you call 'General?' Where is he from and what is his business here?" inquired Judge Hall.

"Why, he's a lawyer from Albany," said Birch. "He was a General in the war with the French and Injuns up North somewhere. He bought a large tract of land hereabouts and is afeared the Six Nations will join the western Injuns and make war on us here. He says the Governor at Albany gave him 'thority to inquire about the dead Injuns found in the woods around here, and to 'rest any one suspicioned of killin' them. I'm afeared he will try to ketch the stranger here, and if he does he won't let him git away agin so easy; he'll take him to Buffalo sartin as you live."

"I'm afraid so," said Munson in a thoughtful tone. "We must not let Judge Hall be captured; but it is not safe for him to try to reach Pittsburgh on horseback. Judge, I think you had better sell your horse to me or leave him with Jonas until we can send him to you. I will take you in a canoe down the lake to the Ga-no-wun-go, and from there down the creek to the O-hee-yo, and down the river to the settlement at the mouth of the Te-car-nohs, [Ga-no-wun-go: Seneca for Conowungo, meaning In the Rapids. O-hee-yo: Seneca for Allegheny, meaning The Beautiful. Te-car-nohs: Seneca for Oil Creek, meaning Dropping Oil.] where you can procure a guide who will take you either by land or river to where you wish to go. You will be safe under my care, and we can defy the blood-hounds of the law, be they either dogs or men. We will start this evening as soon as it is dark. My canoe is safe, and if the wind is favorable I can set a small sail I frequently use on the lake, and by morning we will be beyond the reach of pursuers. We will have a moon before midnight, and I am familiar with every point on the shore of the lake, and know almost every tree that grows on its banks."

A moment's reflection satisfied Judge Hall that the course proposed by Munson was the safest he could pur-

sue. Making a few preliminary arrangements with Jonas in regard to his horse and valise, and bidding that worthy good-bye, he threw himself on a couch prepared for him by Munson and soon forgot the perplexities and fatigues of the day in a sleep that lasted a number of hours.

"Good-bye, Munson," said Birch. "It is nearly daylight. Dolly will be frettin' about me and I must be home before sunrise; for soon as the 'General' finds that his prisoner has 'scaped, he may come to my clearin' to see if the hoss is there, and if I know anything about the stranger. If he does, I'll send him on a wild-geese chase toward Pres-Kile.

"Bill," continued Jonas in a whisper, as he opened the door of the cabin and stepped out into the darkness, "you must be keerful of the stranger. He's true grit, I tell you, or he'd a told General Baird all about your shootin' the red-skin on the cliff. But he never said a word that would suspicioned you. Sam and I guessed how it was; we only heered one shot and we thought we knew the sound of the gun, and when we saw the two pools of blood on the grass we thought one was made by a bullet in the breast, and the other by a knife where the head lay when he fell. Yes, we guessed the critter had been scalped. But the Judge never said a word about it. If he'd a told the 'General' how it was, he wouldn't arrested him, but he'd had a constable a huntin' you. He said they'd heard about you at Albany, and he was determined to arrest you and take you to Buffalo. He said the killin' Injuns in time of peace was murder, and you should be punished for it. So take good care of the stranger. I'll go up to the Inlet to-day and see what is said about it; and this evenin' arter dark I'll come down and bring his traps and tell ye how the land lays; don't start till I come, for fear they may be a huntin' you.

"Look here, Bill! Don't you think you had better hold up a bit killin' Injuns about here? You've got a purty big private burying ground of your own on this shore now, and ain't it a little risky for you to add any more graves to it fer a while? The settlers are talking about it purty rough, and I'm afearred you'll git into trouble."

"I am in the keeping of the Lord, Jonas, and am not afraid of what man can do. I am but fulfilling the stern decrees of justice, and man's puny laws shall not stay my

hand. I will care for the stranger with my life; no one shall harm him while I have the power to strike a blow in his defense. Let them send the emissaries of the law after us and they will find that the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift, for when God has decreed it the arm of the shepherd boy prevailed against the might of the giant warrior with his coat of mail and his ponderous spear.

"I thank you, Jonas, for your timely warning; but there is One above us who holds all our lives in the hollow of His hand; who allots to each of us the task we are to perform in life. Mine has he given me to do, and it shall be done although the powers of earth and hell combine against me. Come to us this evening and tell us all you shall learn at the Inlet. Don't forget to bring the Judge's valise or haversack with his clothes and paper; you had better put it in a grain bag and sling it over your shoulder; then if anyone sees you they will think it is feed or seed grain. Look out that no one follows you here. Give the call of a whip-poor-will from the bank above us for it is unsafe to trust the sound of an unknown foot step. We will meet you at the lake, or there we will await your coming."

Their hands were clasped in feelings of mutual regard for a moment, and they separated to meet again in the darkness of twilight on the shore of the lake. The door of the cabin was closed and securely barred, and Munson throwing himself on the unoccupied couch slumbered in the troubled sleep of a diseased mind and an over-burdened heart.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leather wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings."

—Gay, "Shepherd's Week.

"A murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven." —Milton.

It was nearly noon when Judge Hall awoke from the deep sleep incident to youth, health and fatigue. For some moments after awakening his senses were confused and memory refused to untangle the complicated skein of the events of the last few hours, and at first he could not remember where he was. The dim light of the cabin, whose only windows were the opened port-holes, at first rendered his surroundings obscure; but soon he remembered all. Partially rising from his couch he saw Munson sitting by the open door with his well-worn Bible open before him. A table in the center of the room was covered with a clean white cloth on which was placed a number of rude dishes of wood and metal. The savory odor of a delicious broiled lake trout filled the room, while a number of brown corn cakes on a board before the fire added their aroma to the contents of the gridiron on the hearth.

"Good morning, Judge Hall," said Munson in courteous tones; "you have slept well, and if you can only enjoy the plain fare of the wilderness as you appear to have enjoyed your couch of fern and hemlock, I shall be glad."

"Of that I have not the least doubt," replied the Judge, as he hastily adjusted his disordered clothes and the

tangled curls of his hair and beard. "I have had a most refreshing sleep, and the incense from your hearth-stove is most savory indeed. Your woodland fare hath a delicious odor, and I feel assured that I shall enjoy it."

Munson gave him a wooden bowl of cool, clear water and a towel, which if not as "white as snow," was clean and scented with the aroma of forest herbs. His ablutions completed he turned towards the table and was agreeably surprised at the viands it displayed as Munson placed them on the board. A plate of sliced dried venison was flanked by the broiled trout on one side and a dish of mealy potatoes roasted in the ashes, on the other. A plate of wild honey-comb and a tray of warm "coddledgers" stood like partners in a country dance. A what surprised the Judge more than all was a roll of sweet fresh butter in a saucer of decorated earthenware. Munson saw his look of surprise and said: "That is a tribute to your gentlemanly appearance, or as old Joe Smith would say, to your 'store clothes.' It was sent you by good Mrs. Dolly Birch this morning, by one of her children. She is a model housewife herself, and I suppose she thought my plain corn cakes would need its assistance to be palatable to a gentleman who wore broadcloth and fine linen. My ascetic habits have rendered me indifferent to such luxuries, and I do not desire them. But our meal awaits us. Let us engage in prayer a few moments to give thanks to the Most High for the gifts His goodness has bestowed upon us."

Judge Hall was not what is called a "professor of religion," yet he had been educated by pious parents and was a firm believer, though he did not "profess;" and when he listened with interest as Munson read Psalm CIX. in a solemn and impressive voice, he thought he had never heard the precepts of the Bible more forcibly rendered more impressively enunciated. The Psalm ended, the two men knelt by the table side and Munson uttered prayer eloquent in diction, yet tinged with a wild strain of monomania, observable only because of what Judge Hall had already seen and heard of the recluse. It was the outpouring of a heart full of thankfulness, weighed down with a terrible sorrow. There was the same dependence on a Supreme Being manifested that had ready been so apparent in the conversation of this singular man, while there was the incongruity of a feel-

of thankfulness to the giver of all good gifts that He had delivered his enemies into his hands and had permitted him in safety to wreak his undying vengeance on the race of those who had burned his home, murdered his family, and rendered his life desolate. The evidence of a mind more than ordinarily intellectual was there, yet warped and wrung by most intense mental suffering. The plea was so humble when it related to his own dependence on Divine assistance and approval, and so fierce and vindictive when it referred to his enemies, Judge Hall thought that all which was sane of his disordered intellect was thoroughly Christian-like, while the diseased portion of his mind was overwhelmed by an unappeasable desire for revenge on the hated race.

It was a singular mental phenomenon to contemplate. It was like a partially clouded sky, the blue of pure Christian thoughts and impulses was clouded with the dark vapor of insane desires and murderous incentives. The sane man was a prayerful Christian; the insane a vindictive murderer, such as the lawyer frequently sees in the criminal docks of our courts. And how feeble are human powers when endeavoring to determine the measure of human responsibility. How frequently is the question of a learned writer on this subject suggested to the mind of the reflective jurist: "Does the cloud that settles over one portion of the mental horizon throw no shadow over the rest of it? And how far is the unfortunate whose intellect is so beclouded able to control his acts? And to what extent is he responsible for them? While the sea is smooth and the winds light, reason easily guides the helm which is wrenched from its grasp by the first breeze that ruffles the surface."

How vain sometimes are our attempts to measure human responsibility? How impossible is it to plumb the depths of the human mind or even measure correctly the extent of its surface? Who can tell the effects of hidden diseases on the mental organism, or who can calculate the power of their unseen influences? Who can estimate the force of temptations or measure the power of resistance? Who can decide with errorless precision the moral turpitude of acts prompted by a mind diseased in even the least of its members? None but He who "breathed into the nostrils of the inanimate dust the breath of life, when man became a living soul."

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

The prayer ended, Judge Hall arose from his knees feeling as every one must feel who has ever listened to an earnest prayer from a contrite heart—a wish that he was much better than he knew himself to be. But few men when arraigned before the tribunal of their own consciences can plead "not guilty" and sustain that plea with evidence that will leave no well-founded reasonable doubt in the mind of the court that tries them.

The meal ended, the two men spent an hour or more in conversing on the various topics of interest of that day, and Judge Hall was surprised at the extent of the information possessed by his singular companion. On all subjects, save his right to vindicate his own wrongs, Munson appeared to be not only perfectly rational, but more than ordinarily intelligent. He seemed well acquainted with the political questions and issues that agitated the public mind at the time. The disastrous defeat of St. Clair was spoken of, and it was evident he fully understood the errors of a campaign which had encouraged the savages and exposed the western frontiers to their depredations. He spoke in terms of unmeasured censure of the opposition to the collection of the revenue taxes in Western Pennsylvania, and denounced the outrages perpetrated on the officers of the government; and in all this there was no trace of mental aberration. Coolly and calmly he discussed the relative rights of the citizen and the state, and asserted in most positive terms the duty of the one to obey the law, and the right of the other to enforce obedience. But when Judge Hall apparently casually remarked, "That while the people owed allegiance to the Government, yet the obligation was only mutual; and the government was bound to protect all who lived within its borders, were they white or red or black," Munson's features instantly became flushed; his eyes gleamed with a lurid light, and his utterance changed to wild and excited tones.

"No, sir," he exclaimed in frenzied accents, "it's not true! The laws of God are above all the laws and governments of men; as a man may by his sin and crime forfeit his right to live, so may a nation or a race. For the sins of a race, God destroyed all but Noah and his sons. For the sins of a race, the savage Indians shall all be exterminated. The other races of the earth shall in the distant future mingle their blood; but not so with the accursed red-skins; they shall all die to appease the wrath of the Most High."

"True," said Judge Hall, thinking it best to agree with the insane ideas of his host, "yet don't you think that God will himself execute His vengeance on them as He did on Pharaoh and his host, in his own appointed time? Should men become the destroyers of their fellow-men? Remember what God says in His holy word, Romans, chapter XII, verse 19: 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord.'"

"You are mistaken, young man," said Munson. "The Almighty ruler of the heavens and the earth did not say that. It was the Apostle Paul who said it in his epistle to the Romans, and Paul was a lawyer. God did say, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' but He often executes His will through human agency, as He did when Samson smote the Philistines and crushed them beneath the ruins of the temple of Dagon. On the roof of the temple were three thousand men and women who came to see Samson scoffed at and made sport of.

"And Samson called unto the Lord and said: O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson said: Let me die with the Philistines."

"And the Lord heard his prayer, for when Samson took hold of the two pillars that bore up the temple, and bowed himself with all his might, the house fell; so the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

"And when God wished to destroy the Amalekites when they invaded Ziklag and burned it with fire and took away with them the women as captives, He commanded David to pursue them, and he did, and when he overtook them he smote them from twilight until the evening of

the next day. At another time David at God's command slew two and twenty thousand men of the Syrians; and all this was but the just vengeance of the Lord executed by the hands of His faithful servants. And as Samson prayed to God for vengeance on those who put out his two eyes, and that the Lord would assist him to execute that vengeance, so have I prayed to the Lord and He has answered my prayer as He did Samson's in the temple of Dagon. As David from his youth up was but an instrument in the hands of the Creator to execute the justice decreed in Heaven, so am I an instrument in His hands to execute His will, and it shall be done with all my feeble power until the end comes.

"But, stranger, you will pass a sleepless night on the lake, and you had better sleep while you can that your eyelids be not heavy when our safety will require our constant vigilance. Select from these arms which I have captured from my foes a rifle that pleases you, for we may meet the savages in the wilderness through which we must pass ere we reach the end of your journey."

Judge Hall complied, and selecting a rifle from the rack he examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, opened and closed the pan, snapped the lock, examined the flint and poised it as if in the act of taking quick and certain aim.

"You are a judge of fire-arms, I see," remarked Munson, as he looked with pleased surprise at the manner in which Judge Hall handled the rifle. "I had forgotten that you beat my friend, old Joe Smiley, shooting at a mark with his own gun. I hope your hand will be as steady and your eye as quick in time of danger; but sleep now, young man, while I cast some bullets and pack a few rations, for our march may be a long and weary one. Should we be driven from the creek and river and compelled to take to the wilderness, even your young limbs may tire ere we reach the settlement at the mouth of the O-hee-yo or Allegheny river. [O-hee-yo: Meaning the beautiful river; Seneca.]

Judge Hall threw himself upon the couch and slept until he was awakened by Munson, who had prepared their evening meal, and who informed him that the sun had set and that the hour appointed for their meeting Jonas Birch at the lake was near at hand.

The deepening twilight had shrouded the forest in the darkness of night when Munson and Judge Hall left the cabin, and stepping into the brook followed its course until they reached the lake at the point where they had landed the preceding night. The canoe was drawn from its hiding-place by Munson who "stepped" a light mast in one of its thwarts. "The wind," he said, "is in the North, and is not likely to shift before sunrise, by which time we will have nearly or quite reached the Go-no-wungo without lifting an oar. I do not know whether the settlers at the head of the lake will make an active pursuit after us or not. From what I have heard I suspect that General Baird has a warrant from Albany for my arrest. It was whispered in my ear by a power greater than that of human courts. I care not for myself. I do not fear anything that man can do, but I have involved you to some extent in the consequences of my acts, and you would not inform on me to save yourself, although I was a stranger to you. You pitied me for my sorrow, and suffered for what I had done when by simply telling the truth you would have secured your own liberty and sent the blood-hounds of the law howling in my tracks. Stranger, God will reward you for that act, and I will lay down my life before harm shall come to you."

Before Judge Hall could answer, the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will came from the near-by forest. It was immediately answered by Munson, who said:

"It is too late in the season for that lonely bird to remain at this lake; that is the signal agreed upon between Jonas Birch and myself. It was inartistically done, and showed that the cry came from a human throat." Here he repeated the answering note, and its mournful cadence floated over the water as if the bird was on wing over the lake. A moment more and they heard the cautious tread of a man, when the bushes parted and Birch stood by their side. He greeted them warmly, yet in subdued tones.

"I'm a leetle afear'd they're a watchin' fer ye on the lake," said Jonas in a whisper; "the 'General' and three men came to my clearin' this mornin' just at sun-up. They asked me if I had seen ye and if yer hoss was there yit. I told 'em ye hadn't bin to the clearin' since ye went away yesterday. We all went to the stable and found yer hoss all right; then the 'General' left the three men hid

in the hay in the barn to watch fer yer comin' fer the hoss; and he went back to the Inlet to start some men down the lake; some in canoes and some along the shore to hunt fer ye. They'll likely go as fur as long point and watch fer ye there to-night.

"I went up to the Inlet this afternoon to larn what was said. I stayed there till nearly chore time. The folks up there are much exercised about the stranger's escape from the lock-up. They say he was helped from the outside. I misdoubt that some suspect you, Bill; they say they saw a moccasin track in some soft ground near the winder and ye know yer foot's a leetle larger than the common run; but some said ye went to Buffalo's weeks ago, and hadn't got back yet. The 'General' axed me all about ye, Munson, and I told him all I didn't know and Dolly says that's a good sight more'n I do know about a most anythin', so ye see he got a good deal of valuable information from me. Ike Beebe told me he guessed General Baird had a paper to take ye to Albany or Buffalo, so look out, men, that ye don't git ketch'd. There be no danger afore ye git to the pint, Bill. They know if ye go by the lake ye must pass there, and it's so narrow there if they keep watch from both shores they can see ye. I'm afeared." Try and git past there afore moon-rise, and then ye can git through all right; I'll take good care of yer hoss, stranger, till ye send fer him. There is yer valise all right. Good-bye, Bill. Good-bye, stranger. God bless ye! Take care of yer scalps! There's goin' to be lots of hair liftin' by the Injuns in the West afore a year I'm thinkin'. Good-bye! I'll see to yer cabin and thin till ye come back, Munson."

The two men silently pushed the canoe out into the lake until the wind caught the small sail Munson had so when it flew over the water as noiselessly as a bird on a wing.

Munson sat at the stern and guided its course with paddle. The canoe was made of bark and had been brought from the Ohio river three years before by a predatory band of Indians, six in number, who paddled up the streams. Munson now proposed to descend until they reached the Allegheny river. This party was surprised Munson as they were sleeping, around their camp-fire at the point near his cabin; and their scalps now hung from

its ceiling, while their bodies were buried on the hillside near the lake. (Now the Chautauqua Assembly grounds.)

"If the wind continues," said Munson, when they had nearly reached the center of the lake, "we will pass the point before the moon rises. That passed, we are safe from pursuit. This boat has no keel and we cannot tack, but with sail up we must go before the wind, and we may have to paddle around the point where the noise of our paddles may be heard from the shore, if any one is there waiting for us. We must keep the center of the lake as nearly as we can, but at the point it bends towards the West. The point projects out into the lake nearly forty rods and reaches within a long rifle shot of the western shore. After we pass the point, the lake bends towards the East and for some distance we cannot use the sail; but this canoe is staunch and light, and moves swiftly when propelled by the paddles in the hands of two strong men."

"Where did you get it, Munson?" inquired Judge Hall. "It seems to be of Indian workmanship."

Munson paused a moment before he answered: "The Lord of Hosts gave it into my hands, and the red devils who brought it into this lake sleep under the trees near where I have erected my altar. The Lord gave them to me as a sacrifice, and in His holy name I offered them up. But let us not speak of these things to-night. Sometimes I would forget, even when I cannot forgive."

"How far is it to the point you spoke of, Munson?" inquired Judge Hall, "and how will you know when we pass it?"

"It is starlight and we can see it some rods before we reach it. I think we had better keep as near the center of the channel as we can, about midway between the shores. If there is a party on the lake waiting for us they will probably be divided; a part on the point and a part on the western shore. They may have a canoe or two lying in the channel between the shores that will make it difficult for us to pass. If they do, we will have to land this side of the point and make a detour through the woods and strike the lake two miles below. I have a canoe hidden there. It is not so large as this, yet it will carry three persons with safety. But I am in hopes we will pass the point unobserved."

"Could you find your hidden canoe in the darkness?" inquired Judge Hall.

"Yes," replied Munson. "I have a number of them concealed on the shore of this lake, and can find one of them without much difficulty. I captured these canoes from my enemies. When I cross the lake I am never certain when I will return or what route I may take, so I sink the canoes in shallow water by placing a few stones in them. I generally do this among the flags or rushes that grow along the shore. The water preserves the bark from rotting or cracking in the sun or summer air, and when I wish to embark on the lake from either side I can easily find one in a few miles' travel from any point on the shore. I have one concealed near the point, and one several miles below, and one on the bank of the river. I never approach this part of the lake but I am reminded of an incident in which I nearly lost my life. A red-skin shot at me with a fair sight in open day and at a distance of not over one hundred yards, and missed me.

"It was five years ago, just at the close of the last Indian outbreak in Western New York; it was in the fall. I had just returned from a campaign against the Canadian Indians, and supposed when I reached this lake I was far away from the scenes of strife and bloodshed. I was hunting on the western shore and nearly opposite long point. I shot a fat buck and was skinning the animal. I was on my knees stooping over the carcass, my gun leaning against a tree a few feet from me. While I was removing the skin a voice whispered in my ear as distinctly as I now hear my own voice, "Drop your head! Drop to the ground instantly!" I did as I was commanded and a bullet whistled over me, followed by a report that I knew came from a Canadian musket, such as the French supplied to their Indian allies. A yell followed, and raising my head, I saw two savages not a hundred yards distant running towards me. I had dropped to the ground almost simultaneously with the shot, and they thought I had been hit. I seized my gun and sprang behind a large oak tree that stood nearby. The savages also took to the trees, and in an instant were hidden from my sight. I knew one of their guns was emptied by the shot that had so nearly proven fatal to me, but which tree concealed the Indian with the empty gun I did not know. I also knew that the red devil would immediately load his gun while behind the tree. I listened intently and heard a faint noise a little to my left; peering cautiously around my

tree I saw the breach and lock of his gun as he set it on the ground to force the bullet down. I fired instantly and the gun flew from his hand, the lock and stock shivered into fragments. At this the other savage, supposing my gun empty, sprang from his hiding-place with a yell and rushed towards me. I do not suppose that he had ever seen or heard of a double-barreled rifle, and when he came in sight and I fired my second barrel, as the bullet entered his breast the look of astonishment on his painted face very nearly overwhelmed the expression of dying agony, as he sank to the earth with a ball through his heart. Judge, I am not much given to mirth. I have seldom smiled since I saw my family murdered, yet sometimes when I have been alone in the woods or in my cabin, and have recollected the look of mingled surprise and agony on the face of the red devil who thought he was shot with an empty gun, I have laughed as if I had never known sorrow.

"The other Indian, whose gun I had shattered with my first bullet, when he saw his companion fall turned and ran towards the lake. I followed with yells of rage and laughter combined. The red-skin flew as if the spirit He-no [He-no: Iroquois, meaning thunderer—an evil spirit.] was thundering in his rear. Reaching the shore he plunged into the lake and swam towards the point. When I reached the water-side I could see his scalp-lock among the waves a hundred yards distant. I knew he thought that if he gained the point he was beyond the reach of my bullet. While he was swimming over I carefully loaded both barrels of my rifle. I put in a double charge of powder and thoroughly greased the "patching" of the bullets. By the time the savage reached the point I had recovered my breath, almost lost by my running, laughing and yelling, and stood waiting for him to land. In a few moments he crawled upon the sand of the beach and standing erect turned towards me and uttered a defiant whoop; it was his last utterance. Taking steady aim and allowing for the distance, I fired. The bullet, guided by the finger of him who has so often protected me in the hour of danger and whose spirit whispered in my ears a few moments before, flew across the water on its mission of death, and the savage fell upon the sand with his defiant yell unfinished on his lips. I returned to where I had shot the deer; scalped the red-skin I had killed and

carrying the venison a quarter of a mile up the lake to my canoe, I returned to my cabin.

"The lake was rough, and as it was late in the afternoon I concluded I would wait until the next day before I secured the scalp of the warrior who swam the lake. Early the next forenoon I landed on the point. I did not see the body and thought it had been carried off by some of his companions who were probably prowling around the lake. Passing through a clump of alders I was startled by the snarling of a pack of wolves that were quarreling over the remains. They saw me and slunk away in the woods. Next to a red-skin I hate the wolves, they have so many traits of character in common with the accursed savages that it but requires a belief in metempsychosis to be convinced that the spirits of all the red devils of the past live to-day in the howling hoards of the wilderness. But when I saw the bones of the savage, gnawed and picked clean by those I had startled from their disgusting repast, I forgave them for stealing the scalp, and lowering my rifle permitted them to go unharmed. But look yonder, to the left of the bow! Is not that a light gleaming over the water?"

Judge Hall looked in the direction indicated by Munson, but could see nothing. "I think not," he said. "I see no light except the glimmer of yonder star as it is reflected in the lake."

"I am confident I saw a light," said Munson. "It was only for an instant and was so low down that it must have been a burning brand of a camp-fire; our boat has changed its position since I saw it; some object on the shore may have intervened. We will retrace our way a short distance. I think it was on the point; we must be near there by this time."

Munson instantly and noiselessly lowered the sail and taking a paddle cautiously propelled the canoe a hundred feet or more back along its wake which was distinctly marked for some distance on the placid water they had passed over.

"There it is," he said, as his experienced eye again caught the faint gleam of a nearly expiring fire that had been built on an extreme point of land that extended into the lake.

"That is Long Point, Judge; and there is a fire on it. The men have let it burn down very low, and probably

have covered it up for fear we might see it; but a burning brand has given us timely notice. It is but the warning voice in another form that has so often whispered in my ear, and we must heed it. We will have to pass the point with the paddles, our sail might be seen from either shore, although it is only starlight."

Silently and cautiously the men proceeded to force the canoe along with the paddles. The experienced strokes of Munson fell as lightly on the water as a breath of Summer air; but the less expert strokes of Judge Hall occasionally emitted a faint sound.

As they were nearly past the point and were turning the prow of their canoe to the east to keep in the center of the channel, a voice hailed them from the western bank of the lake.

"Hello! Hello! Who are in that boat? Come ashore! Come ashore!"

"Now, Judge," said Munson, "put your whole strength to the paddle. Fifty rods farther and we are safe; we will leave them behind us and it is a nautical axiom that 'a stern chase is a long chase.' If we get around the bend ahead of them they cannot overtake us; their canoes are 'dug outs,' heavy and unwieldy, and they will soon give up the chase."

"Look at that light a little ahead of us, to the right," said Judge Hall. "See, it is a canoe with a lighted torch in the bow; it is filled with men and they are putting out from shore to intercept us."

"Yes, Judge, and there is another putting off from the point," said Munson; "the canoe on our right has a fire-jack such as is used by fishermen, a small iron basket filled with pine knots and placed upon a short pole in the bow of the boat. There are four men in that canoe; the one on our left has two men; one of them is using the oars and the other is holding a torch of pitch pine. They are trying to head us off at the bend; that they must not do. I will just serve a notice on them to 'stay proceedings' as you lawyers would say."

Saying this, he coolly laid down his paddles and picked up his double barreled rifle which was lying in the bottom of the canoe by his side.

"For God's sake, Munson," ejaculated Judge Hall in alarm; "you must not fire at them; they are settlers and it

would be murder in the first degree should you kill one of them."

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," replied Munson calmly, "it would certainly be folly in the 'first degree' to permit ourselves to be captured when we can prevent it by blowing out their candles. Like Othello at the bedside of Desdemona, I will put out two lights, but neither of them shall be the promethean spark of a human life. Stop paddling for a moment; the fire-jack is a long shot, and it is difficult to shoot with certainty through a wall of darkness. The torch is held in the hand of a man and I must be careful in my aim for I would not injure him."

He turned towards the western shore, raised his rifle, poised it a moment and fired. The bullet struck fairly in the center of the fire-jack, scattering its burning knots over the water, where they blazed a few seconds and were then extinguished, leaving the darkness apparently deeper than before.

"It will take them some time to gather their knots and light their jack again, and still longer to collect their scattered senses," said Munson. "And now for the other candle." He turned towards the point and again raised his rifle, but this time his aim was more carefully taken than before. A few seconds passed and he fired. The bullet struck the torch just under the flame, and it flew in shattered fragments from the hand that held it, striking the water a number of feet from the boat.

"I have snuffed his candle for him without snuffers," said Munson as he coolly proceeded to reload his rifle. "Never lay your gun down empty, Judge, for you do not know how soon you may have occasion to use it again. Now let us ply our paddles. A few rods farther the lake bends towards the south where we can set our sail, and leave the bloodhounds of the law to follow an invisible and scentless trail."

"But will they not intercept us at the bend?" inquired Judge Hall. "They do not need their lights to do that, and I wonder that they lighted them, for they showed us their position while we were concealed in the darkness. Would it not be better for us to row back up the lake a short distance and land, and go around the point through the woods, as you said we might be compelled to do if we could not pass the point in safety?"

"No! no! young man," replied Munson. "It is too

late now; they could as easily intercept us in that direction as this; besides now that they know who fired the shots that put out their lights, they will be careful not to come within the range of 'Nemesis' again, for fear I may not be in one of my pacific moods should they 'drive me to the wall.' "

"Know who fired the shots?" ejaculated Judge Hall. "How can they know that?"

"They know it, Judge, as well as you know the voices of your acquaintances. There is not a settler on this frontier but knows the report of Nemesis as well as they know the sound of their cow-bells. You may have observed that the gun is of unusual length in the barrels and carries unusually heavy lead, and that makes the voice of the goddess very different from the sound of the common rifles carried by the hunters of these forests. If any of my friends are among the pursuers they will not urge the pursuit, and if any of my enemies are among them they will not dare to continue it. A few more strokes of the paddle and we are safe."

For a few moments the two men continued to use the paddles without regard to the noise made by their strokes, and the light canoe seemed to skim over the surface of the water with the velocity of a bird on the wing. They could hear the angry imprecations of their pursuers for some time, but at last their voices were lost in the distance, and when the canoe turned the bend in the lake all was silent save the moaning of the light wind through the pines and hemlocks on the shore, and the wash of the waves upon the beach.

"We are safe now," said Munson, as he again set the sail and calmly seated himself in the stern of the canoe to guide its course with the paddle. "They will follow us no farther, for they know it would be useless. They have heard the warning voice of the goddess fabled in mythology, and although not learned in the classics, there is not a man among them but knows that Nemesis can throw a ball a half a mile and kill. I had the gun constructed by an expert workman in Boston expressly for my own use and for the mission indicated by the name inlaid on its stock, and most faithfully has she vindicated her name. Never once has she failed me. Scores of times have I been so situated that had her flints been even for an instant irresponsive to the steel, the delay would have been

fatal to me, and I should have died unavenged; but the innate fire was always obedient to the touch of my finger on the trigger, and death accompanied her voice as certainly as it follows the lightnings of heaven."

He paused a moment and continued: "The naming of their rifles is an odd conceit of the frontier-men; and yet their guns are as well and sometimes even better known than their owners; often, too, their owners are better known by the soubriquet cut upon the stock or breech of their guns, than they are by their own names. I once knew a noted hunter and scout who was known all over the frontiers as 'Deer-Slayer,' although the French in Canada called him 'La Longue Carabine,' or the long rifle. It was from that I got the idea of having a rifle constructed with barrels of unusual length. I first met him on the Schoharie; the length of his rifle attracted my attention, and while I was examining it one day, I observed the name, 'Kill Deer,' engraved upon its stock. I suppose it is from the name on my rifle that I am known among the Indians as 'He-no,' which means in their accursed language among their accursed race, 'The Thunderer or Avenger;' and the thunders of heaven are not more dreaded by them than is the voice of Nemesis."

"On the breech-piece of the rifle you selected from my armory you will see the name, 'Sartin Death,' engraved by some artist more skilled in the mechanism of his craft than in orthography; and 'Certain death' it is to the object it is aimed at by a skillful hand. Next to Nemesis and 'Kill Deer' it is the most reliable weapon I ever sighted. I captured it from a Mohawk chief whose scalp hangs in my cabin and whose body is buried at the northern end of the lake. He had probably taken it from some murdered settler."

"But yonder comes the moon; we are now safe. You are young and need rest. You can spread that bear-skin on the bottom of the canoe and lie down and cover the blanket over you to keep off the night air and dew. Then with this glorious moon-lit, star-gemmed sky for a canopy and the gentle undulations of this beautiful lake to lull you to rest, you can sleep the sleep incident to youth and health, and a heart that has known no sorrow. Oh! that that these were Leathean waters around us, that I might drink, and sleep, and forget the horrors of the past forever. Most probably the wind will go down towards

morning, when I will anchor the canoe near the shore and try to sleep myself for an hour or two.

CHAPTER VI.

"Happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid, powerless limbs, diffused
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams;
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose, on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend."

—Dr. John Armstrong.

"The day begins to break, and night is fled;
Whose pitchy mantle overveiled the earth;
The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light."

—Shakespeare.

Judge Hall spread the bearskin on the bottom of the canoe, and with his valise as a pillow, a warm blanket for a covering, and the gentle motion of the boat, like the swinging of a hammock, to lull his wearied senses, he soon forgot all around him and slumbered until the rising sun glimmered through the trees on the eastern shore. When he awoke, Munson was yet sleeping in the stern of the canoe. Several hours after midnight the wind went down and in the calm of early morning he had anchored the boat a number of rods from the western shore with a stone tied to a rope and dropped in the bottom of the lake. Then wrapping his blanket around him and placing his rifle by his side he lay down to sleep with the confidence of one who knew his surroundings and was a stranger to fear.

For some time Judge Hall sat quietly in the bow of the canoe enjoying the magnificent landscape of lake and forest that surrounded him. The sky was cloudless; the air cool, crisp and bracing; the water smooth as a mirror of glass reflected the gorgeous autumn foliage of the shore.

so distinctly that the inverted trees in its depths seemed to blend so harmoniously with those upon the bank that the eye could not discern the line between land and water.

There was no appearance of life along the shore; the forest was unbroken and the lake lay so calm and still in the light of early morning that it seemed as if the solitude and silence of centuries had slept undisturbed on its bosom. Since the morning of creation no change had come to it, save that brought by the varying seasons and the abrasions of storms and floods. Thus silent and lonely it had slept in the forest, unknown even to the tongue of prophecy, awaiting the time when its hillsides should be covered with temples erected in the name of the Most High, and its shores dedicated to His worship. It is true that the singular recluse who had lived so long by its side, at times thought he heard whisperings of its future from unseen lips, yet his mind was warped and wrung by sorrow and his prophetic voice was unheeded by those who knew him.

While Judge Hall was yet enjoying the beauty of the early morning as it broke upon the silent landscape, Munson awoke and saluted him with a grave courtesy of manner incident only to those who have associated with men of culture and refinement.

"Good morning, Judge," he said. "You have not brought the habits of the cities into the wilderness, or you would yet be sleeping regardless of the beauties which the Creator has spread around us, and which I see by your look you appreciate and enjoy."

"It is indeed a beautiful landscape, Munson, and such as the traveler never sees in his wanderings among the settlements of civilization. The cities of the world that boast of their noble works of human skill and art can produce nothing so beautiful and sublime as this lonely lake and these dense forests that cover its shores."

"That is true," said Munson. "What are the greatest achievements of civilization compared with the wonders of the vast wilderness between us and the setting sun? What were the beauties of that famed wonder of the world, 'the hanging gardens of Babylon,' compared with yonder fringe of dark hemlock and scarlet maple that overhang the water on the other shore? What the wonderful mechanism of the statue of Olympian Jupiter, compared with that aged pine that for five centuries has

stood like a sentinel on the rampart of yonder ledge of venerable rocks? Long before the pyramids of Egypt were built this lake slept as now in its cradle of hills; while the noblest works of man crumble into the dust of decay, the beauties of God's handiwork are perpetuated by his unchangeable laws. The trees that grow on these shores now are not the same that grew here when the foundation of the cheops was laid; but the law of reproduction is the same, and as one dies, another takes its place; and so He preserves the beauties of His work through all the changes of time.

"Even a portion of the waters of this lake may be the same that was pressed by the foot of the Savior on stormy Galilee; brought here by the mist of the clouds and the winter snows or summer showers. But thus it is that the Creator preserves the beauties of His works through all the centuries that fall from his hands, while the proudest achievements of man soon pass away and are forgotten. In the wilderness we see the glory of the Lord as we behold 'His wonders on the deep,' and how insignificant are the doubts of infidelity when confronted with these evidences of His greatness and power. Yet how mysterious are the ways of the Most High; as He permitted the serpent to enter Eden; as He made human nerves sensitive to pain as well as pleasure, and our bodies subject to disease and death; as He formed the flower to distill a deadly poison with its beautiful petals, and placed the thorn upon the stem of the rose, so has He for His all-wise purposes permitted sin and sorrow to mar the pleasures of life, and murder and rapine to spring from the hearts of men. Behold the grandeur and beauty of these venerable woods. From here to the waters of the Missouri they extend in an almost unbroken solitude. They look so calm and peaceful and yet they are full of danger and death.

"Men whose devilish cruelty would shame the fiends of Dante's Inferno throng these woods, while the ashes of burned homes, and the blood of murdered, innocent women and children mark their trails through all the miles of its apparently peaceful limits. But for the savages the wilderness would be a paradise; with them it is a pandemonium and will so continue to be until the whole accursed race is destroyed and swept from the face of the earth forever. Hundreds and thousands of the settlers have experienced my sorrows and bereavement, and feel

my desire to be avenged. It has been whispered in my ears that before the winters' snows shall thrice again cover the earth, the red devils shall be exterminated or driven from the woods between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The whole country shall be an altar for an offering of blood to the Most High, and I will be at the sacrifice. Something tells me that that will be the end of my mission. That my labors will be ended, and that I shall receive the plaudit: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, and that I shall meet my murdered mother, wife and children on the Unknown shore.' I long for the time to come, but until it does come the voice of Nemesis shall be heard in every place where the savages are to be found, proclaiming my wrongs and vindicating my vengeance!"

While Munson had been thus speaking he stood in the center of the canoe, one hand grasping the barrels of his rifle, while the other moved in a graceful sweep as he referred to the lake and forest. There was an imposing dignity both in his manner and tone of voice together with an unstudied eloquence in his words that created a feeling akin to awe in the mind of Judge Hall as he listened. At first he appeared calm and unimpassioned in his description of the lake and its surroundings, but as he proceeded and spoke of the savages and their cruelties he became more and more fervent and excited, until he reached his final denunciation, when the loud and frenzied tones of his voice were echoed back from shore to shore. His eyes gleamed with the lurid light of insanity; while his features assumed an expression of such malignant malice and ferocity that for a moment Judge Hall looked at him with bated breath and a throbbing heart.

The paroxysm lasted only a few moments, when after a severe mental effort he seemed to conquer his feeling and even to subdue his monomania. Then turning to the Judge, he said calmly and without the least appearance of mental excitement or aberration of mind:

"Judge Hall, there are two routes to the settlement of the O-bee-yo, where you can procure a guide for your journey; one is by the lake and Ga-no-wun-go creek to the river; the other is by a much shorter route through the forest; which shall we take? While you were sleeping occurred to me that if our enemies were persistent and determined to procure our arrest, when the moon arose they might have sent runners down the lake by a trail the

runs along the eastern shore to a settlement at the outlet. If we keep the canoe we will have to pass this settlement and they might try to apprehend us, which might lead to bloodshed, for I will not be arrested by the puny arm of man for obeying the commands of God. Unfortunately, I have involved you in my troubles, and my anxiety is on your account, not my own. If we go through the wilderness, on what to me is a familiar trail, we will reach the O-hee-yo to-morrow forenoon. There I have a canoe concealed in the water, and from there to the settlement at the mouth of the Te-car-nohs is but two days' pleasant sail down the waters of 'The beautiful river,' as the Indian name signifies. Should we go by the lake and Ga-now-un-go creek to the river it will take at least three days and nights to reach O-hee-yo. Can you undergo the fatigue of eighteen hours' travel through the wilderness? If not, we must take our chances by the water route. It was for your decision that I anchored here last night when the wind went down. The trail runs along beyond that clump of young hemlocks and leaves the lake at this point. What say you? I can carry our blankets and rations if"—

"Munson!" said Judge Hall, "say no more. I have had some experience as a soldier and do not fear the fatigue of a march, carrying my own blanket and rations; so let us take to the woods by all means. There must be no bloodshed in defiance of the law on my account. It is important that I reach Pittsburg before the 25th of this month. A public meeting of the settlers has been called by a few demagogues and turbulent spirits who are trying to disobey and defy the law. I must reach there before that time if possible, and I prefer the trail through the forest to the longer route by the Conewango."

It required but a few moments to unload the canoe and sink it near the shore by means of stones picked up from the bank. A hasty meal was made of corn bread and dried venison. The blankets and bearskins rolled in a compact form were strapped to the shoulders of the travelers; the priming of their rifles renewed, and striking the trail beyond the hemlocks Munson had pointed out, the two men entered the forest and followed the well defined path for some moments in silence.

"We are now safe from pursuit, either by land or water," said Munson. "The lake is two miles behind us and we no longer need fear the sound of our voices, and

may lighten the fatigues of travel with conversation. What is the object and purpose of the meeting you spoke of, and why are you so anxious to attend it?"

Judge Hall hesitated to answer. The success of his mission depended to a great extent on the secrecy with which it was conducted. He regretted that he had mentioned it and was provoked at his own indiscretion. While he yet hesitated, Munson smiled significantly and said:

"You need not fear me, my young friend. I know your secret, and it is safe with me. Your mission is attended with danger, but I will be near you when that danger comes. I will accompany and guide you to the end of your journey."

"You know the secret of my mission," ejaculated Judge Hall. "You are mistaken, sir. The secret is known only to myself. What do you know of its danger, and how can you render me any assistance? I need none, and only ask that you conduct me to some place where I can procure a guide through the wilderness without unnecessary delay."

"Yes, Judge, I do know your mission. It was not told to me by human lips; but I know that you are sent to inquire into the cause and extent of the resistance in Western Pennsylvania to the excise laws, placing a tax on whiskey. The accursed beverage that is manufactured to the injury of mankind is to be taxed for the public good. The collection of this tax has been resisted in the West; the officers of the government have been most outrageously maltreated; they have been stripped of their clothing, tarred and feathered and turned out into the wilderness in the cold and storm. Those citizens who have dared to obey the law and pay their taxes have been ostracized; their buildings burned, their cattle killed in their pastures; they have been libeled in the newspapers, and the laws of a Christian civilized country has failed to protect them, or punish those who perpetrated the outrages. All this has been done that intoxicating liquor with its legion of inseparable evils should be as free to the people as the water from the springs on the hillsides. Yes, yes, as incredible as this will appear to the future readers of history, yet it is true; and a Christian people are ready to rise in rebellion against a government that places a few cents tax per gallon on the accursed 'beverage of hell.' Your mission is a noble one, Judge Hall, yet it is full of danger, and requires a brave man to execute it, Should

your business be known to the people where you are going, your life would be endangered; such a hold has the hellish brew got on the depraved appetites of the people, that they are ready to commit murder in its behalf. You have the courage, young man, to execute your trust, if you have the zeal to make you faithful."

For some moments Judge Hall was so astonished and bewildered at the extent of the knowledge his singular companion seemed to possess of a secret that he supposed was known only to the officials at Washington and to himself, that he hesitated to reply. He had no faith in the prophetic powers claimed by Munson. The whispers he so often spoke of, Judge Hall believed to be the vagaries of a diseased brain; he looked upon the recluse to be a monomaniac; rational on all subjects not connected in any way with the murder of his family, or what he claimed to be his mission of vengeance. That he had been a man of culture and extended reading was evident from his conversation at all times, that his "mind was warped and wrung," was equally apparent; but how he had learned the secret of his mission Judge Hall could not even surmise, and he determined to be cautious in his reply.

"I do not know, Mr. Munson, how you acquired your pretended information in relation to my business West, but I do know that it concerns no one but myself; and I need no assistance but that which the law will afford me."

"You are mistaken, young man," said Munson earnestly. "Where you are going the people have set the law at defiance, and your mission or business is to enquire into the cause and extent of that lawlessness and report the facts to those who sent you. Your confidence in the power of the law to protect you is the weak spot in your armor. It is much safer for you to distrust that power whenever it is opposed to the influence of whiskey, or the interest of those who manufacture or sell it. Your confidence in the supremacy of the law comes from your experience as a lawyer and a judge, and your ignorance of the people you are about to visit. You have been directed to see a man in Pittsburg by the name of Daniel Bradford. I would not advise it; it will defeat the accomplishment of your purpose."

Judge Hall was more surprised than before; a part of his instructions were to see this very man and confer with him in relation to the opposition to the excise laws, and to

consult him as to the best method of enforcing obedience to their very moderate demands; and when Munson mentioned his name, accompanied with the warning advice, the Judge paused, dropped the breech of his rifle on the ground and looked at him with an expression of unconcealed astonishment.

"Come on, Judge," said Munson, good humoredly, "does your surprise add to the weight of your pack? or are you already so fatigued that you must needs stop to rest? We have a long and weary march before us and must not loiter on the trail. What a poor gambler you would make; your countenance would tell your opponent how many trumps you held. You must learn to conceal your emotions, to dissemble, or you will never gamble successfully against the world, either at law or at cards. Do not be offended my young friend at my freedom of speech. I mean kindly towards you; and remember we are not in the refined social circles of the eastern cities, but in the woods of the western frontiers."

"I do remember it, Munson, and it is necessary that I do so to preserve my self-respect. By what means you have learned a portion of my secrets I do not know; but whatever the duties are that I am commissioned to perform, they do not concern you in the least, and"—

"Stop! Stop! young man," said Munson earnestly, "they do concern me, and they concern all good citizens who would see all just and proper laws obeyed. They concern every Christian man who has the welfare of his fellows at heart, and who would wish to abolish the greatest curse that ever afflicted our race. Every obstacle placed in the way of a free use of whiskey among the people is a blessing to mankind, and the time is surely coming when the Christian enlightenment of the world will demand that its use as a beverage shall be prohibited by the strong arm of the law among all the races of men.

"Even the savages would not have been as cruel and bloodthirsty as they are, but for the accursed 'fire-water' of civilization. The missionaries went among them in the very depths of the wilderness. They were armed only with God's Holy Word; panoplied only with religious zeal and the courage of Christian martyrs; after them came the traders with whiskey and rum. These infernal brews aroused all the devilish passions in the savage nature of the Indians. They led to the violation of their treaties

with the government and dug up the tomahawk and scalping knife that had been buried again and again. Within all the boundaries of civilization and savagery, the spirit of alcohol has been the greatest evil inflicted upon fallen man. Ever since Noah cursed his son because he felt no shame for his father's drunkenness, its history has been marked with crime and murder. It never had a single redeeming quality; but the cup that contained it was always full of human sorrow and woe; and as civilization advances with the coming centuries, mankind will become more and more convinced of its evils; embargo after embargo will be laid upon its manufacture and use, until in the fulness of time it will be abolished forever."

"I agree with you, Munson, in your denunciation of intoxicating liquor, and your estimate of the misery and crime it has brought on the world; and I am satisfied that it has been the cause of many of the Indian outbreaks on our frontiers; but as we brought it into this wilderness, and as our government has permitted its sale among the Indians, do you not find in this fact some little palliation or excuse for the sins of the savages?"

"Not the least," replied Munson fiercely, and his eyes instantly gleamed with the ferocity of unyielding hatred and malice. "Through the lips of his prophet Ezekiel, God said: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' And the Savior said unto his disciples when he taught them: 'Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'

"But," he continued more calmly, "I would speak to you farther of your mission and give you some advice as to its execution. You need not frown, young man, nor permit your pride to take offence. I wish you well and hope you will succeed in accomplishing the object of your journey; but you had better heed my advice; if you do not, your liberty and perhaps your life will be in danger."

"I will listen to what you have to say, Munson, without reply or comment, and will judge for myself how far it shall affect my future actions. I neither seek nor refuse to hear what you have to say."

Munson smiled good humoredly as he replied:

"There is the wisdom of the sage; the non-committal of the lawyer; the shrewdness of the politician, and the overweening confidence of youth and inexperience in that re-

mark. I would not force my advice on unwilling ears, Judge Hall; yet I will give it, and then come what may my conscience will stand acquitted. First let me warn you to be careful what you say to Daniel Bradford; he is a smooth-tongued, crafty lawyer, who always seemed to me to think and talk as if the English language was only to be used to conceal the speaker's intentions, actual opinions and honest convictions. I said 'honest convictions;' it was a misnomer when applied to him. He never has had an honest conviction in his life and never will have, until he is indicted and tried for some offence involving superlative dishonesty and deceit, and is found guilty by a jury of his countrymen. He is a demagogue that would defy the government, if to do so was popular among his constituency, while he would lick the dust from their shoes to secure their votes. Beware of him. If you are compelled to have an interview with him let your conversation be after his own model. But there is a man you had better see; he is the exact antipodes of Bradford; he can be trusted; he is as true to the government as the 'blade is to the hilt.' General John Neville is a patriot and a Christian gentleman; he is a man of wealth and high social position, the owner of valuable mills on the river about two miles above Pittsburg. See him as soon as you can after your arrival. Tell him to remember the wrongs of poor Wilson [In October, 1791, a man named Wilson, disordered in mind imagined himself a collector of the tax on stills and whiskey, was most cruelly treated by a mob; was stripped of his clothing and burned with hot irons, and turned into the wilderness after being tarred and feathered. See *Western Annals*, page 689.] and that I have sent you to him, and that I will see him before snow fall. Young man, my advice is ended, and you will do well to heed it."

For some time after the conversation narrated, the two men pursued their way in silence. The solitude of the forest was occasionally broken by the voice of some denizen of its recesses, but there were no signs or evidence that a human being had ever penetrated its depths save the well worn trail they were following. The day passed on without an incident worthy of the voracious pen of the historian; occasionally the weary march was enlivened by conversation on various subjects incident to the times and locality; and for hours Judge Hall failed to

observe anything in the acts or language of his companion that indicated an abnormal mental condition. He was uniformly courteous and always grave and dignified. Possessed of wonderful conversational powers, his well-turned periods occasionally assumed a wild and florid style of eloquence that almost verged upon the realms of mental alienation, yet never quite crossed its boundaries. His memory was full of incidents of frontier life, of the hardships and privations that settlers had endured; of their conflicts with wild beasts and savages. And he related many thrilling events of danger and rescue so interesting to his auditor that the weary miles of the trail were almost forgotten, and Judge Hall was surprised when he observed from a little hilltop that overlooked a broad expanse of forest, that the sun had passed over two-thirds of its daily journey.

The travelers paused a moment on the brow of the hill and looked around them; on every side was an apparently boundless sea of Autumn foliage; not an opening or clearing within the range of their vision. Occasionally a cluster of pine and hemlocks mingled their dark boughs among the bright colored branches of the deciduous trees, looking like islands amid a sea of moving waters and gilded waves, while the moaning of the wind among their swaying tops sounded like a distant surf beating against their lonely shores.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," said Munson in solemn tones, as he pointed over the valley beneath them.

"I never so fully appreciated the declaration of the Psalmist as I did when I first stood upon this rock and looked over the scene below us; and I cannot understand how a rational thinking being can behold such scenes as this and doubt the creative power that must have preceded them. Think of the infinite number of natural laws whose operations have made this landscape what it is; that every year paints the leaves of each variety of trees, its own peculiar color, and gives to each its characteristic shape. That from the same soil rears the sturdy oak, the supple ash and the pliant poplar. That covers the ground with its multitude of species of vegetation and peoples all with the life, either insect or animal, that is best adapted to it, and that could live in no other home. Think of all the wonders that exist within the narrow

limits of our vision from this rock—from which we can only see a speck or mote upon the surface of the earth, and then will the words of Israel's inspired King strike us with greater force; for if these woods and this valley so strongly proclaim their truth, what shall be the utterance of the whole earth, and the confirmation of the heavens that surround it?"

"It is indeed a sight to confound the infidel," said Judge Hall, "and I do not wonder that you are enamored with the beauties of these vast solitudes and a life in the wilderness. There is here a freedom from the vices of the settlements and an absence of temptation that cannot help but elevate human thoughts and desires and bring man nearer to his creator, and increase his reverence for the being who planted these trees and painted this beautiful landscape; yet do you not see that the lessons taught by this silent forest are those of peace and harmony, not rapine, revenge and bloodshed?"

"No! No!! I do not so read the page before us," replied Munson, while his eyes suddenly gleamed with an unnatural light. "These woods as silent and as peaceful as they now seem to be are filled with God's creatures moulded and fashioned according to His will, with impulses and instincts derived from Him alone, yet they are at perpetual war with each other. The strong rend and devour the weak. From the tiniest insect to the prowling beast of prey, all defend their young and destroy those that assail their nest or lair, if their power is equal to execute the instincts that God has given them. It is the natural impulse of all animated beings to fight for their young and destroy those that would injure them, and I but follow this inevitable law. It is true that these woods with their pure rivulets have been to me like the fountain of Arcadia near the City of Cli-tor as described by Ovid, that destroyed the love of wine in those who drank of its healing waters; yet I find no lesson here that teaches me to forget the murder of my wife and children, but rather to visit the vengeance of the sword of justice on the accursed race that burned my home and destroyed all I had to love on earth. I have seen these peaceful forests torn and uprooted by the breath of God in the tornado; its sturdiest oaks and tallest pines and hemlocks shivered by the lightnings of his glance, all because man, the original, disobeyed His commands. He

does not use the elements alone to vindicate His wrath, but the frogs and lice of Egypt were His instruments to avenge the wrongs of His people as well as the angel of death that slew the first-born in all the land of Pharaoh. No! No!! my young friend I am but an instrument in His hands. I can no more change the feelings in my heart than the leopard can change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin.

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

“I but obey the commands of that divinity to slay and spare not; the blood of my mother, wife and children cry to Heaven for vengeance, and I live but to avenge them. When my mission is done I shall die, but not before; when I have killed Ga-wa-no-das, it is ended; whispers from the unseen lips of my dead tell me so. But until that consummation of God’s justice is accomplished, I must bear the weary burden of life with one desire and one purpose. Oh! that I had a thousand lives to live! One is too poor, too weak, for the accomplishment of my just revenge. For my acts I am responsible to God alone and no human laws shall restrain or punish me. I do not expect that all men will either approve of or defend my conduct; it is only those who have suffered as I have that can appreciate my motive and approve my acts. But it is so with all men; they are judged by their fellows from their deeds alone, while only the Most High can hear the silent whisperings of the human heart before the tongue hath uttered them, and can know the motives that prompt human action. Often the wind that whispers over our graves is our most eloquent and only defender.

“But, come, Judge, we loiter on our road while the sun pauses not on his endless journey. A few miles from here is a rude hut constructed by the hunters who hunt the deer during the winter months, and if we reach that it will afford us shelter from the chill of an Autumn night as well as safety from prowling wolves that infest these woods, and often endanger travelers, who like ourselves, are seeking to avoid the wolves of law and civilization. This hut is only a few miles from the river where I have a canoe hidden among the flags, with which we can proceed on our journey, without danger or fatigue.”

The sun had set and darkness enveloped the forest, ren-

dering it difficult for even the experienced eye of Munson to follow the trail when they reached the hut spoken of. It was erected of logs against a ledge of rock, and if its entrance was guarded by a camp-fire, our travelers were safe from wolves or panthers, while their more dreaded foes the emissaries of the law were left behind them on the shores of Lake Chautauqua. A portion of the floor of the hut was covered with hemlock boughs, on which our travelers spread their blankets, making a couch as soft to their weary limbs as the down of civilization.

Before lying down to sleep Munson knelt and offered a heart-felt prayer to Him who had been his stay and comforter during all the trials of his wearisome life. In the prayer he mingled fragments of the CIX. Psalm with original maledictions on his enemies, and appeals to Heaven to assist him on his mission of destruction against the murderers of his family. Then the two travelers lay down on their rude couch and slept until early dawn.

CHAPTER VII.

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

Byron.

"The gaudy, babbling and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night."

Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

The early twilight had just tinged the Eastern sky with the faint rays of coming day, when Munson and Judge Hall were again on the trail or path that led to the head waters of the Allegheny river, and after two hours travel they reached its bank where Munson had a canoe concealed in a cluster of flags in a little bay formed by a bend in the stream. In a few moments it was raised from its watery bed, cleansed and ready to receive our travelers.

It was constructed of bark, and was unmistakably of Indian workmanship.

"Where did you get this canoe?" enquired Judge Hall.

"Three warriors brought it up from the river below. I was hunting deer in the woods we have just passed through, when I heard them singing one of their rude war songs. I followed them up the river until two of them were in a range, when Nemesis spoke in avenging tones, and the voice of two of the accursed devils was silenced forever. The third plunged into the water and swam to the shore; this gave me time to load one barrel of my rifle. When he reached the opposite bank he ran towards yonder thicket of hazel bushes, but he could not outrun the 'decree of the Most High' to 'kill and spare not,' and he fell in the agonies of death by yonder rock. I swam the river and secured the canoe in which were the bodies of the two I had first shot; and the scalps of all three now hang in my altar at Lake Chautauqua. Those stains in the bottom of the canoe are of the blood of my offering, and remember that the apostle Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews said that; 'Without shedding of blood is no remission,' and as long as I live there will be no remission on my part. The dying shrieks of my mother, wife and little children are constantly ringing in my ears. Justice demands that their murder shall be avenged, and who so fit to be the avenger as the son, husband and father?"

Judge Hall remained silent a few moments until Munson became calm, and said: "Step into the canoe, Judge; we have a long journey before us, and although it is not probable that we are followed by the emissaries of the law, yet it is not certain that they have given up the pursuit. If they follow us it will most likely be in canoes down the Conewango, which empties into the river a few miles above us. They could have traveled all night with the aid of fire-jacks, while we were sleeping, and may have passed the point where we embarked; if so we will see them below as soon as they do us, and then we must land and take to the woods where I defy them. But it will be a wearisome journey for you; while, in this canoe, it will only be a pleasure trip. In our voyage down the Allegheny we will pass some of the most beautiful scenery on this continent, where mountain, valley and river combine to proclaim the power of the Creator, and the wisdom and magnitude of His design when from a formless void and

darkness He created the earth and illumined it with the light of yonder rising sun.

"Judge, in the vague imaginings of my disordered brain, I sometimes see strange visions of the future of this river and its banks. I have seen on these hill-sides curious constructions and devices of human mechanism, moved by both steam and water. They seemed to be drawing something from the earth to give light and heat to the cities, towns and villages, that will in time spring up along the banks of this river. We will soon pass the mouth of a creek, called in the Seneca dialect Te-car-nohs Ga-hun-da meaning dropping oil. Its surface is often covered with an oil that is very inflammable and is used by the settlers as a medicine. Human ingenuity will in time utilize it, and wealth will flow from these hillsides and ravines like gold from the mines of Ophir. This have I seen in my visions; and when that time comes there will be no savages here; churches dedicated to the worship of the Savior of mankind will be erected in every valley, and the warwhoop of the Indian murderers will be heard no more; peace and plenty will prevail; but it will be because the vengeance of the Most High will blot the devilish race out of existence, and such men as I am will then be remembered with gratitude, and will not be hunted like the wild beasts by men professing to be Christians.

"If we are unmolested, I hope to reach a beautiful little island some thirty miles down the river before dark where we can bivouac for the night."

The day passed without any unusual occurrence. The officials of the law at Chautauqua had evidently abandoned the pursuit of the fugitive. Munson was respected by the settlers for his honest, upright conduct among his acquaintances, and admired for his bravery while he was pitied for his misfortune. Except for his relentless killing of the Indians his character was without reproach, while his word was inviolable.

Among his friends on the lake, who recognized the voice of Nemesis when their lights were extinguished, there was not one but hoped he would escape, and they easily persuaded the "General" that farther pursuit would be unavailing.

During the day, in the conversation between Munson and Judge Hall, the latter purposely avoided all reference to the great sorrow of the former, and directed his atten-

tion to the general condition of the country and the opposition of the citizens of Western Pennsylvania to the tax on stills and their products. Here Munson manifested a firm adherence to the government, and an earnest condemnation of the insubordinate acts of those who opposed the enforcement of the tax law passed by Congress in 1790.

"Judge Hall," said Munson, "as I have said, you must be careful not to let your mission be known in Pittsburgh. A stranger of your appearance coming from the East will be observed; you will be closely watched. Every word you say will be repeated at the headquarters of the rebellion, and may subject you to mob violence. In all your communications with strangers you meet, let me advise you to be 'as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves,' or what is better, remember the old German proverb that says:

"'Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; speech is human, Silence is divine.'

"As soon after our arrival at Pittsburgh as possible, you should, as I have told you, see Col. John Neville, who resides some two or three miles from Fort Du Quesne. He is a Christian gentleman of wealth and position; I have heard that he has a beautiful daughter. You will be welcomed by him when he knows your mission, and you can safely trust him with the secrets of your instruction from those who sent you. I shall remain at the Fort, or near there, until next Spring, when I will join the regiment of General Wayne in Ohio, against the combined western tribes of savages who will then be on the war-path. And in every battle with them, while I live, the voice of Nemesis will be heard, as it was in the days of ancient mythology when with the Furies called to her assistance the Goddess avenged the murder of a mother by her son."

"I will heed your advice, Munson," said Judge Hall, "and profit by it. I think as you do, that next Spring the western tribes, encouraged by the British in Canada, will combine in a general attack on all the frontier settlements, and while I do not fear the final result, I do dread the consequences to the settlers along the frontier. I, too, will remain at Pittsburgh until the campaign opens, when I will join the army of General Wayne, and I hope we will teach the Indians a lesson they will not forget, and one

that will secure the future safety of all the country south of the lakes."

"Not until you exterminate the whole accursed race," said Munson, while his eyes gleamed with the mania he had often manifested in a more violent degree. "They must be exterminated as Jehu destroyed all the worshippers of Baal out of Israel; as God hath decreed, so it must be, and woe unto the unfaithful servant who shall refuse to obey His commands."

Judge Hall, observing the incipient frenzy of Munson, and wishing to appease it, remarked: "It shall be done as the Lord has commanded," and immediately changed the subject of their conversation.

"Munson," said he, "at our camp last night you spoke of the wolves that infested these forests, and that our camp-fires would protect us from their attacks. Are there many of them in these woods along the river?"

"At certain seasons of the year," said Munson, "the forests from the Allegheny mountains to the Missouri river are filled with them; and in the Winter months when driven by hunger they are very destructive of the flocks and cattle of the settlers, and at times are very dangerous to the settlers themselves. They hunt in large packs, and when they have seized their prey and satiated their hunger, they separate and scatter through the woods like sentinels around a camp. Then when one of them discovers a deer in the forest or a traveler passing on its lonely roads or trails, he gives a warning howl or call to his companions who immediately answer, and from all directions the hungry, ravenous cohorts hasten to the rendezvous which they seem to know as certainly as did the ancient Highlanders in answer to the fiery cross sent by their chieftains to call the clans together for battle.

"Judge Hall, when we camp to-night remind me and I will tell you a story of a 'night of terror' among the wolves of Southern Indiana, that will account for the hatred of the frontier settlers for the 'grey devils,' as they are called; second only to that of their detestation of the 'red devils' that are more to be dreaded than the wolves; for the one race kills for food and to appease the demands of hunger, the other from a love of murder and rapine."

It was now late in the afternoon. The sun had dropped behind the western hills, and the twilight was fast shrouding the river banks in dim uncertain outlines, when Mun-

son pointed down the river to an island two or three miles distant and said: "There, Judge, is our camping-place for the night. It is a beautiful spot above high water mark and is covered with a thick growth of pine and hemlock; it is only about an acre in extent and is fully three hundred feet from either shore. On it with our camp-fire we will be safe from the wolves that prowl along these shores, for they dislike to enter a running stream, and will not do so unless their hunger is great and their prey in sight." Just then a long, dismal howl came from a distance in the woods.

"Hark!" said Munson, "did you hear that? It is a sentinel call. The devils have scented or seen us. Now, listen, and soon you will hear it answered. There it is!" he said, as another howl came faintly from a distant hill-side, and yet another, until by the time they reached the island there seemed to be a large pack collecting on the nearest shore.

"There they are," said Munson, and he pointed to an open space on the shore where a small mountain stream, in time of a freshet emptied its waters into the river. It was now dry and its white sandy bed could be distinctly seen among the bushes on either side. Soon after, they observed a number of wolves collecting on the sand of the dry bed of the stream, and as they reached the beach of the island, Judge Hall picked up "Sartin deth" and stepped upon the land.

"Munson," said he, "I have not yet tried this rifle, and I will do so now to see if the inscription on its breech is an idle boast or a probable certainty." He raised the rifle, and without a distinct aim, fired; a yell of pain told him the effect of his shot, when a combination of snarling howls informed him that the companions of the wounded wolf, incited by its blood, were rending it in pieces, and engaged in a fierce conflict over its body, for which with savage instinct, and impelled by hunger, they fought and struggled for a share of their cannibal feast.

"Judge," said Munson, as he smiled grimly at the sound of the conflict on the shore, "how much the wolves resemble men in their instinct and acts, or how much do men resemble wolves in their baser passions and feelings. Addison said that 'the dog had been the companion of man for thousands of years, during which time he had learned all of his virtues and only one of his vices; that

was to abuse a fellow in distress.' How true this is. You know that the dog is a descendant of the race that are feeding on the body of their dead companion on the shore yonder. Only think of all the wars that have cursed humanity from the dawn of early history. Think of the butchery that attended the senseless crusades, and the civil wars of Europe. Up until the beginning of the sixteenth century the whole education of young men was to teach them skill in the use of arms that they might murder each other in battle; and remember that this was not done because God's eternal justice demanded it, as in our warfare with the savages, but to attain the glory of prowess in murderous conflicts. The bauble honor was to be obtained with the lance and battle-axe. Kingly power achieved by burning towns and cities, and devastating a country deluged with the blood of its inhabitants. During the reign of that English monster, Henry VIII., history tells us that twenty-eight hundred persons were burned at the stake or executed on the gallows or guillotine, because they would not recognize the religious institutions established by the King as the only right and true one. (See Leti Vol. 1, page 84.) And yet the great Master said to his disciples, 'Love one another, as I have loved you.' Judge Hall, when I think of these things as I am alone in the woods, I almost loathe my fellow-men and wish to see them no more. I know this is wrong, but who can control the vagaries of the human mind, or the emotions of our own hearts; verily did it require the atoning blood of the great sacrifice to wash away the sins of men. But come, Judge, while I am engaged in polemical discourse, we forget the necessities of the hour. We must build a camp-fire to frighten our fellow mortals yonder from seeking a more intimate acquaintance with us while we sleep."

This was soon done. With a small axe Munson always carried at his belt, a large heap of pine boughs and brush wood was soon collected and fired with flint and steel, when it blazed with the bright flame of pitch pine and hemlock, sustained by a few pieces of flood-wood from the shore of the island.

After our travelers had partaken of their frugal repast of dried venison and corn cakes, and had renewed their fire before lying down on their blankets and bear-skins, Judge Hall said: "Munson, you wished me to remind you of a

story of a night of terror among the wolves; will you now relate it?"

"Yes," said Munson, "I will tell the tale as it was told to me by one who was well acquainted with the circumstances, and it is true in every particular":

A NIGHT OF TERROR AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The occurrence I am about to relate," said Munson, "happened in Southern Indiana five years ago. I had been on a scouting expedition and returned to the settlement near where the event occurred only a few days after its occurrence. There had been a wedding at the house of a settler about two miles distant, and a number of young people of both sexes had attended it. The wedding festivities continued until after midnight, when six couples started on their way home. The newly constructed road they were to travel led through a dense forest of some two miles in extent. Before the young people left the house, they were warned by an old hunter to go as quietly as possible, for the late severe snow storm had driven the wolves from the North down into the warmer regions near the Ohio river. But the heedlessness of youth disregarded the warning, and as they proceeded homeward, song, jest and merry laughter resounded through the woods. They had just finished a refrain of an old camp-meeting hymn in which all had joined, when from the depths of the forest was heard the prolonged howl of a wolf. In a moment it was answered by another from an opposite direction, then another and yet another until the woods seemed to send calls and answers from every point of the compass around them except from the direction of the settlement.

"Now fully aroused to the danger of their situation they fled along the road with rapid steps. The village was only a mile ahead of them, and they hoped to reach its adjacent clearings before they were overtaken, when the wolves would probably leave them. But they were mistaken, for behind them they were collecting in numbers on their track, their fearful howls sounding nearer and nearer with each passing moment. One of the young men looked back along a half-mile of straight road which gleamed beneath the bright moonlight, and at a distance he saw a dark line extending across the road. The wolves seeing their victims for the first time broke into a simul-

taneous howl that carried dismay to the hearts of those they were pursuing.

"A short distance ahead of them was a cluster of cedar trees whose branches came near to the ground. Could they reach them there was some hope that the girls could be assisted to gain a place of safety among their thick boughs, while the young men would have no difficulty in climbing to a point beyond the reach of the ravenous pack whose footfalls could now be heard distinctly pattering on the frozen ground in the fast diminishing distance.

"'Courage, girls,' shouted Rudolph Monroe, who was by the side of his affianced bride, assisting her in her flight. 'Ten rods more, and we are safe; we can climb the cedars out of the reach of the grey devils.'

"With the yells of the ravenous pack behind them, and possible safety a few rods before them, the young people flew along the snow-crueted highway with a speed inspired by the terror of the awful death that threatened them. A moment more of the agony of fear and uncertainty, and they reached the cedars. With the assistance of the young men, the girls were soon placed among the branches of the trees, and climbing above the reach of the wolves were followed by their companions who had barely time to reach a position where they were beyond the immediate danger of being torn in pieces by the ravenous pack which now surrounded the trees in which they had taken refuge. Rudolph was the last to climb the cedar in which Mary with two others, had taken refuge, and had scarcely drawn himself among the lower limbs of the tree when several of the wolves sprang after him, seizing one of his moccasins and tearing it from his foot.

"It is true that they were safe for a time, but the night was bitter cold, and it would be several hours before the early light of the coming day would drive the wolves back into the forest. Disappointed at the escape of their victims, some of the larger and more fierce of their number tried in vain to spring into the tops of the cedars, and even seized the lower limbs in their attempts to reach the terror-stricken objects of their pursuit. Failing in this, they tried to gnaw the trunks of the trees, and while the bark gave way to their sharp fangs, the hard wood of the white cedar resisted their attacks. At least fifty wolves had gathered in the pursuit, and maddened by hunger

they seemed determined that their victims should not escape. For over an hour the terror-stricken young people clung to the branches with hands benumbed with cold, when one of the young girls shrieked, 'Oh! God! I am falling!' It was the young bridesmaid, Mary, the affianced of Rudolph Mouroe, who seized her garments with his almost paralyzed hands, but the frail cloth gave way and she fell among the wolves, who leaped into the air and seized her body before it reached the ground. A few agonizing shrieks from the poor girl mingled with snarling howls of the wolves as they fought over the body of their victim, and all was over. She was literally torn in pieces by the ravenous animals, apparently even before life was extinct.

"The companions of Rudolph had great difficulty in restraining him and preventing him from leaping down among the wolves in a fruitless effort to save her life when, he, too, would have shared her fate. The body of the unfortunate girl would afford only a morsel to each of the stronger of the pack who fought over the remains, while their unappeased hunger, and the scent of blood of the weaker who were driven from the dainty repast, only increased their ferocity.

"Two more weary hours passed, and the light of the coming day drove the wolves into the depths of the forest. A faint halloo was heard in the distance, and a number of settlers with guns and dogs were seen approaching. They assisted the benumbed and almost frozen young people from the tree tops. The father of the unfortunate girl was among their number, and when he inquired in frenzied tones for his daughter, none had the courage to tell him of her awful fate. Rudolph pointed to the blood-stained snow and the scattered locks of hair, which with a few gnawed and clean picked bones, were all that remained of the beautiful girl that the evening before had stood beside the bride as her favored friend and companion.

"The horrible fate of Mary so affected the mind of Rudolph that he became almost a lunatic. A few weeks after her death he disappeared from the settlement. No one knew whither he had gone. Over a year had elapsed when some hunters who were belated in the wilderness, saw a light glimmering through the trees on the hill side. Approaching with cautious steps, they came to a small

cabin covered with bark, when peering through the cracks between the logs, they saw Rudolph seated on a stool by a fire kindled in a rude fire place constructed of stone. In his hand he held a long tress of silken hair, which he had pulled from the snow where Mary was killed. Fondly he stroked it with loving caress, then he pressed it to his lips.

"The hunters knocked at his door, which was immediately opened by Rudolph, who did not at first recognize his visitors. They tried in vain to persuade him to return to the settlement, but he refused. He said his mission in life now was to destroy the whole race of 'grey devils' from the face of the earth. His weapons were a double-barreled gun, and a light ax with a long helve or handle. He said he had killed many, and as long as he had life he would devote it to the destruction of the fiends that had killed Mary. He lived several years thereafter a solitary recluse, and it was known that he killed hundreds of grey wolves, with whose skins he thatched the roof, and lined the walls of his cabin, while the bounty of their scalps provided him with food and clothing. At last he disappeared and was seen no more. Whether he left the wilderness on a partial return of reason, or what is more probable became himself a victim of the hated wolves, was never known."

"Well, Munson," said Judge Hall, as the former had ended his narration, "your terrible story, so well told, reconciles me to the fate of the wolf I shot last evening."

"Why so?" said Munson calmly. "It is not likely that that wolf was among the pack that killed the young girl in Southern Indiana five years ago. That wolf never injured you; you were in no danger from him. By what right, then, did you kill it?"

"Why, Munson," said Judge Hall, "wolves are ravenous, and dangerous animals; they endanger the lives of the settlers, and it is not only right, but the duty of every one who can to kill them."

"But, Judge," said Munson, "the ravenous wolves are as they were created by the Infinite power of the universe; they know no better; they have but one end and aim in life. That is to eat and live. All their ferocious instincts are given them by their Creator that they may live and rear their young; they do not kill for gain or to gratify a murderous passion, but simply to obey a necessary law of their being. They could not exist otherwise;

they kill and devour from necessity alone. They do not count the scalps of their victims, and boast of their murderous deeds in vain glory among their fellow wolves. Judge, suppose they were Indians who killed from motives of revenge or gain, that they might sell the scalps of women and children in Canada for the 'fire water' of the whites, or that they united in predatory bands to murder the unoffending settlers and burn their homes without cause or justification, would it not only be right, but the duty of every one who could to kill them?"

"Well, but, Munson," said Judge Hall, "the Indians are human beings, not animals governed by instinct only."

"So much the worse for them, Judge," said Munson, in a cool, argumentative tone. "If the Indians are human beings, which I sometimes doubt, they are much more accountable for their acts than the wolves, for they can reason and reflect and they know what they do; and if the wolves are to be condemned for their acts, doubly more so should the Indians be. For 'where much is given much is required in return,' but 'where little is given but little can be expected.' I have often seen from your acts and the expression of your countenance that you blame me for my acts, while you cannot logically defend your murder of the poor wolf who in this life, in a moral sense, knew not what he did. Judge, remember the prayer from the cross: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' But my young friend, you must excuse my abrupt remarks. I like you and would if I could have your good opinion, but slay the human wolves as long as I live I will; and that, too, with as little compunction of conscience as you have for your murder of the wolf last evening. But come, Judge, let us to our bear-skins and blankets under this clump of pines for when the moon rises an hour or two after midnight, we must be on our way to Fort Du Quesne."

The two fugitives from human law, if not justice, lay down side by side until the moonlight streamed through the trees, when Munson awoke his companion, and they again embarked in their canoe and swiftly floated down "the beautiful river" of the Senecas. But long afterwards the logic of Munson was food for thought by Judge Hall, and although his legal mind convicted him of the crime of murder, yet he could not blame him.

The moon shone brightly on the river, and in silent

contemplation of the beauty of the night, Judge Hall sat in deep reflection. The unusual events of the past three days, the strangeness of his present situation, his singular companion, with the uncertainties of the success of his present mission, and the dangers that attended it, all combined to cause him to sit in silent reverie for some time, when he was aroused by Munson, who said: "Judge Hall, do you believe that the spirits of the dead can return to earth and communicate with the friends they once loved?"

"Well," replied the Judge, "I do not know that I have any settled opinion on the subject; yet I am inclined to doubt it. I have no evidence that such things actually occur."

"No evidence," said Munson; "you a lawyer and say that you have no evidence! You may with propriety say that you have no proof, but surely you cannot say that you have no evidence. You know that the three great pioneers of the reformation have testified to the fact; Luther, Calvin and John Wesley assert in the most positive terms that they have held communication with spirits of the other world. Do you not consider their statements evidence?"

"Well," said the Judge, "I have always thought that their narrations were the vagaries of an over-excited imagination. I know that they all three assert the fact that they had seen apparitions, yet I have believed that what they thought they saw were optical illusions and did not exist in fact, as they thought they did."

"Judge, do you believe in the narrations of the Old and New Testaments? Are all the incidents therein recorded the vagaries of diseased minds? Let me ask you a few questions and request your candid answers. Did Moses talk with a spirit in the burning bush? Did three spirits appear to Abraham when he sat at the door of his tent in the plains of Mamre? Did two spirits visit Lot as he sat at the gate of Sodom? Did a spirit hand write on the walls at the feast of Belshazzar? Did Saul converse with the spirit of his old friend Samuel in the presence of the woman of Endor? Was there any significance in the vision of Jacob, who saw a ladder reaching from earth to Heaven and spirits ascending and descending thereon? When the three Hebrew children were in the fiery furnace, was there a fourth person, a spirit, seen with them in the fire, that protected them? Are all these stories of

the Bible true, and if they are, can you say that you have no evidence of spirit visitation to earth?"

"Oh, yes, Munson, I know that all these narrations are recorded in the sacred pages, but that was over three thousand years ago, and there are many changes since then."

"Not one single change in Nature's laws since time began," said Munson earnestly. "Every crystal of rock is formed the same shape by force of the same law that laid down the granite of these hills in the morning of creation. Every drop of water now is composed of the same ingredients as those that deluged the earth in the time of Noah. Even the mist that rises from this river in the night to embrace the morning sunbeam is the same that enshrouded the earth when it was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. There has been no change in the laws of an immutable creator since time began, and besides, does not Ecclesiastes in the 11th chapter say:

"I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him.

"That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

"And in the New Testament are there not many instances of recorded spirit visitations to both the Savior and His disciples, and yet, Judge, as a lawyer you say you have no evidence that our dead may and do return to us through the agency of God's immutable laws. There is only one thing, Judge, that sometimes makes me doubt these phenomena. Often when I am alone in the woods, seated by my camp-fire, it seems to me that I hear the voices of my mother, wife and little boy, and I have seen their forms in the dim light of the immediately surrounding forest. Yes, yes, unless it is the vagaries of my poor diseased brain, I have both seen the persons and heard the voices of my murdered family, yet I never see nor hear my little daughter, who was killed either by Wa-nau-tau or his Iroquois companion, Ga-wa-no-das. I saw the latter chasing her into the bushes with his tomahawk raised to strike the murderous blow. I heard her dying scream. She was the pet lamb of my little flock. Oh! God, can I ever forget it?" With a strong effort Munson seemed to

control his feelings, just bordering on frenzy, and continued:

"But, Judge, I must try to curb my emotions; yet I wonder if spirits can return to earth, why my little angel does not come to me with her mother and brother, in the silent hours of the night. But inscrutable are the ways of the Most High, and we must bow in submission to His decrees.

"Judge Hall," he continued, "with an industrious use of our paddles, we may reach Pittsburg this evening, and I advise you to go to Col. Neville's immediately after our arrival. You will learn from him the best way to accomplish the object of your mission."

Nothing unusual happened to our travelers during the day, and about 9 o'clock in the evening they reached the landing at Pittsburg and parted for the time, with expressions of gratitude on the part of the Judge, and assurances of friendship by Munson, who promised to do all he could to assist him and protect him should his person be endangered by the lawlessness of those who opposed the collection of the tax on the stills and their product.

CHAPTER VIII.

"As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd;
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud."
 —Dryden.

"That talking knave
 Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble
 And sows sedition up and down the city."
 —Otway—Caius Marius.

"While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head should carry all he knew."
 —Goldsmith.

The reader of to-day can hardly realize the fact that the events narrated in this chapter could have happened in the staid old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The change in public sentiment during the last half century is such that it seems incredible that the levying of a tax of a few cents per gallon on whisky by the government for revenue purposes could have almost involved the country in a civil war and that mob violence should for a time have bid defiance to the law; that judges, lawyers, clergymen and members of the legislature would have encouraged lawlessness, riot and arson among the people, yet so it was during the years 1793 and 1794 the western portion of the State of Pennsylvania was in open revolt against the government. The people refused to pay the tax on whiskey; the officers who were appointed to collect the tax were maltreated by the people, and whoever gave them "aid or comfort" were immediately ostracised by the community in which they lived. All social intercourse with

them or their families was prohibited by the ban of public opinion. Their property was given to the torch of the incendiary, and their lives threatened by an infuriated mob, who were encouraged in the outrages they perpetrated by public speeches and resolutions passed in public meetings. Even the sermons and prayers of many of the ministers of the gospel were of a character intended to increase the feeling against the government, and encourage resistance to the laws; and let it be remembered that all this was because Congress had passed a law levying a small tax on whiskey. The "Chancellor" of Boston and other "Sir Oracles" of to-day who "calmly" assert that the temperance movements of the last fifty years have only confirmed men in drunkenness, "and that the use of intoxicating liquors is increased thereby; that more liquor is drank to-day than in former times," would do well to read the history of the country during the years mentioned, and then remember that to-day whiskey is a contrabrand article, its sale restricted by law, and only entrusted by license to the keeping of men of good moral character (?) and temperate habits (?). Then as to-day the victims of the licensed curse were among the great and good as well as the vile and vicious. Like the destroying spirit of a pestilence, or the savagery of war, it has covered the land with the dead it has murdered, or its maimed and living victims. Not one truthful word can be said in its behalf, not an excuse given for permitting it to exist; not a single reason avowed for not legislating it by law from the every civilized country where it is now licensed or tolerated.

If an edict could forever banish the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," would not our law-makers hasten to enact it, and yet to-day the victims of this poison, the sale of which is licensed by law, far, far exceed annually those of war, pestilence or famine.

In the month of November 1792, a public meeting was held in Pittsburgh for the purpose of denouncing the odious excise law, and advising the people to resist the collection of the taxes it imposed. The meeting was largely attended by the members of the Legislature, lawyers, judges, clergymen and prominent business men. When the house was called to order, Daniel Bradford was nominated to fill the "speaker's chair," which by the by was a rude bench made of slabs. A number of vice-pres-

idents were appointed from among the prominent business men and church dignitaries of the town; a committee was elected to draw up a set of resolutions expressive of the "sense of the meeting." The committee adjourned to the nearby tavern where the unusual conveniences of pen, ink, and paper could be procured and where their mental labors could be lightened by frequent libations from the public font.

The resolutions were drawn in the usual chaste and elegant phraseology indulged in by the American people on every occasion where they have an opportunity to "resolve." One great cause of complaint as set forth in resolutions was that "the tax was particularly burdensome on the poor, as it was placed on one of the necessities of life, and could be illy borne by those who must have whiskey, and were too poor to pay the tax." But the object of the meeting and the grievances complained of were better set forth in the speeches that were made, while the committee were performing their grave and important duty.

The Hon. Judge ——— was called upon to address the meeting. He arose calm and dignified. Metaphorically speaking, the unsullied ermine of Justice fell from his shoulders, and enveloped his judicial form in graceful folds. The judge was a man of imposing appearance. His face was florid, and so was his style of oratory; his weight after dinner was something over two hundred pounds, yet some of his sentences and figures of speech weighed so much more than that; it was an unsolved philosophical paradox among his friends how it could be, and that after one of his speeches, how anything could remain of the Judge. It seemed to contradict the mathematical axiom, and prove that a greater quantity could be subtracted from a lesser and yet leave a remainder.

"Fellow citizens!" remarked the Judge in tones whose ponderous volume reverberated among the shingles and rafter overhead like an Alpine echo among the mountain tops, "never! never!! in the whole course of my existence has there been a time so pregnant with great—with remarkable events as the present. Never a time when the liberties of a people were more endangered or their rights trampled deeper in the mire of public oppression than now. Never a time more calculated to try men's souls and nerve their arms to deeds of superhuman valor than the present. It is observed in the glorious Declaration of

Independence that 'taxation without representation is tyranny!' Yet, fellow citizens, it is not more true than that a tax upon whiskey is oppression worse than British despotism." (This sentiment was greeted with applause.)

"I see before me this evening many who have shed their blood and laid down their lives on the battlefields of their country to resist English oppression, that would have placed a tax on tea, the beverage of the rich and great, and who I believe are equally ready to bleed and die to prevent a tax being levied on the common beverage of the poor and lowly. Whiskey is not like tea, but one of the necessities of life; without which existence would be a dreary waste, a desert without an oasis, a garden without a flower, or a woodland grove without a bird to sing its mellifluous music among its green branches."

Observing that the last figure of speech was a little obscure to the minds of his hearers, the Judge stepped down several rungs on the ladder of his oratorical elevation and continued:

"Yes, fellow citizens, I believe I speak the sentiments of every individual in this vast and intelligent audience when I say that liberty is dearer, more priceless than death, and that without it life would be but as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Observing that he was yet on an eminence somewhat above the intellectual plane of his audience, he stepped down another rung and continued:

"No man has a right in this world, no man can acquire a right to prevent me from eating and drinking what my appetite craves or my taste hankers after. No government of a people has a right to compel me to go athirst because I may be too poor to pay a tax. Poverty, gentlemen, is not a condition to be despised, nor are its subjects to be made victims of the greed of a government established by the people for their own comfort and benefit."

Here he was greeted with a round of applause. He paused a moment, expecting it would be repeated, but there was a profound silence and he continued:

"Fellow Citizens! The single little lamb of Uriah was more dear to him than were all the beauties of the harem to the King of Israel and when David robbed the poor man's fold of the one object of his affection, God through the lips of Nathan, the prophet, rebuked him."

The Judge paused. All was silent for a moment, when

a voice from the audience shouted: "Never mind the kings and the prophets of Israel, Judge; talk to us about the tax on whiskey." The Judge stepped down several rungs more and continued:

"I but spoke figuratively, fellow citizens. By the lamb of the poor man I meant whiskey, and I but compared the oppression of this government to the tyranny of King David who robbed Uriah of his lamb when he had plenty of old sheep in his own fold, and who then had him killed in the front of the battle, as the President of the United States now proposes to deprive you of whiskey by taxation, and then send an army of soldiers to shoot you down if you dare to fight for your God-given rights. I know not how others may feel at this time, the most momentous in the history of this country, but as for me, give me whiskey untaxed, and as free as the crystal water in our mountain rivulets and trout streams, or give me death. (Great applause.) Let no tyrant hand dare to write the word taxation on the cup that contains my matin inspiration, the solace of my mid-day labors, or the soothing influence of my vesper meditations. For though that cup may be rude and fashioned without artistic skill from the wood of the forest, or though it may even have grown amid the verdure of leaves and flowers on the vine whose ancestors shaded the prophets of old beneath the walls of Minerva, yet while I live and breathe the free air of these fragrant forests and lovely valleys, it shall be free from the coils of the hydra-headed monster Taxation!"

The Judge sat down amid deafening applause. The audience did not fully comprehend the allusions in his concluding paragraph, yet the words sounded well; the sentences were sonorous, and the Judge a man whose known habits were calculated to beget confidence in his hearers; there could be no doubt of his fidelity to their cause, and they were satisfied although they thought the Judge a little obscure in his remarks.

After a few moments' silence there was a call for the Rev. Moses Higinbottom. The call was repeated until it became uproarous and the Rev. Moses stepped upon the platform. He was tall, lean, lank and saturnine. To look at him no one acquainted with even the rudiments of astrology would have doubted the fact that Saturn was in the ascendent when he first opened his eyes on this world of sin and woe. He was a man of curious and varied con-

struction; somewhat like the Elizabethian style of architecture, full of incomprehensible projections, and apparent attempts at impossibilities. He seemed to have been constructed at different and remote epochs of time, and his various members the product of different periods of esthetic taste or necessity. While in the aggregate the Rev. Moses was over six feet in altitude when standing, yet when in a sitting position where his lower extremities were concealed from view, he appeared to be a dwarf in stature. His body seemed to be a compromise of opposite constructive forces, for what it lacked in longitude was abundantly compensated for in the breadth and rotundity of the equatorial regions. His long arms were apparently attached to what nature facetiously intended for shoulders, by leather thongs, and when he walked they dangled about in utter contempt of all laws of anatomy. But the crowning effort of creative power was manifested in the formation of the head of the Rev. Moses. On this organ incongruity seemed to have run mad, or to have constructed it as an hilarious joke. The face long, lean and cadaveric, was surmanted by heavy shaggy brows from which a tapering forehead receded as if declining all intercourse with its ludicrous companions. Eyes of light grey protruded from their sockets, apparently with the intent of securing a visual angle simultaneously from all points of the compass. Internally they were constructed somewhat like a water faucet, for as they opened and shut copious floods of tears were turned on or off as the occasion required. The nose seemed to be a fungus growth indigenous to the surrounding country, on which it seemed to have been thrown from a distance, in a plastic state, as paper wads are thrown by mischievous boys on the ceiling of a country school house; and although it lacked the beauty of form which characterized the works of the Grecian sculptors, yet its color gave a "spiritual" cast to features that, without it, would have been monotonous and uninteresting. But the marvel of marvels was the mouth, which, wide, deep and cavernous, seemed to sever all connections between the pyramidal skull and the rest of the body.

The Rev. Moses looked over the audience a moment, then commenced to address them in a voice so harsh and shrill that it grated on the ear like a file drawn over the quivering blade of a steel saw.

"Brethren," he said, "liquor is one of the good gifts of a kind and benevolent providence, like all the other blessings he has scattered over the earth with a generous hand. 'Drink no longer water, but wine for thy stomach's sake,' said Paul to Timothy, and when the Savior created wine out of water at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, he set an example to those who manufacture liquor to-day; and he thereby blessed it with his approval. Doth not the proverb say, 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts?'"

"The government has no more right to tax whiskey than it has the air we breathe, the water we drink or the fruits of the earth that we eat. As well might Congress claim a right to tax the sap that runs from the trees and that is distilled into sugar, as to tax whiskey which is but the essence or life-giving principle of the grain that grows in the field of the husbandman. If the government has a right to tax the whiskey made from our rye, then why not the rye before it is distilled? which would be the taxing of the very bread that goes into our children's mouths. Why not tax the clothes we wear, the venison we eat, and the furs the trapper gathers from our forests and streams?"

"Brethren, resistance to tyranny is obedience to God, and we are in duty bound as Christian men to resist the tyranny that would compel us to pay a tax on one of the necessities of life, the comfort of the poor man's home, and the principal solace of his hours of toil. Let us then, resist this tax by a combined effort, and a God of Justice will help us to fight our battles. Let us arm in defense of our rights, of our homes, and our firesides, and resolve that in this land of liberty, whiskey—forever—shall—be—free!!"

The Rev. Moses took his seat amid a round of applause that shook the building to its foundation. The voice of the clergy then, as to-day, was potent to uphold the right and put down the wrong; and when the rude, unlearned population of the frontiers was thus encouraged, we do not wonder that the "Whiskey Insurrection" assumed such formidable proportions, and which called forth the whole strength of the government to quell.

My reader will not look upon the foregoing as an ideal tale of fiction, and the speeches as caricatures, for they are not. Such a meeting as we have described was actu-

ally held in Pittsburg at the time we have mentioned. The speeches of the Judge and the Rev. Moses are but abbreviations of those that were there made; and we call the especial attention of those who believe that the various temperance movements have produced no change in public sentiment, to the historical facts we have related.

After the applause that followed the fervid appeal to arms of the Rev. Moses had somewhat subsided, there was an unusual stir in the audience near the entrance to the hall, and presently a man of gigantic proportions was seen approaching the platform. He wore a hunting shirt and leggins of buckskin; from his shoulder was hung a powder horn and a bullet pouch; a small ax and a large knife were suspended from a belt around his waist. In his hand he carried a long, heavy, double barreled rifle of the largest caliber. His face was bronzed by exposure, and brown as the fallen leaf of Autumn; his deep set, piercing eyes gleamed from under his shaggy brows like flashes of lightning from the edge of a storm cloud.

As he approached the speaker's stand with noiseless tread, his tall form towering above those that surrounded him, there was a hum in the crowded room, and the mingling of many whispering voices like the sound of a wind among the branches of a forest in Winter. He seemed a specter of the woods, an embodiment of the dread spirits with which the superstitions of the day had peopled its silent depths.

Pushing the crowd aside with no gentle hand as he passed along, he reached the speaker's stand, and stepping upon the platform turned slowly around towards the audience and placing the breech of his rifle on the floor by his side he rested his left hand upon its muzzle, which was on a level with his shoulder. For a moment he looked over the astonished audience with a look so wild and piercing that in an instant all was hushed by the magnetism of his glance, while a chill like that of a cold wind fell upon those who saw him, and the silence of the grave is not more profound than that which ensued for a moment as he looked over the crowded room. At last raising his hand with an imposing gesture he stretched it towards the audience and in a voice that sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder, said:

"O! generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come!"

"Would ye defy the Lord of Hosts when through the lips of one in whom was the wisdom of God He said:

"Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and who-soever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? They that tarry long at the wine."

"Woe unto ye hypocrites who blaspheme the name of the Lord. Woe unto ye wolves in sheep's clothing who deceive the people. Woe unto ye false teachers, for saith Isaiah the prophet of the Most High:

"The leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led by them are destroyed."

"The sword of the Lord is in the hand of his arch-angel who commands the hosts of Heaven, and shall fall upon this people, and their land shall be soaked in blood. The streams shall be turned into pitch and the dust thereof into brimstone."

Then turning to the Rev. Moses, and pointing at him with an outstretched arm that quivered like an aspen with the frenzy of his emotions, he continued:

"Oh! thou false shepherd that would deliver to the wolves the lambs thy master hath given thee to keep. You pretend to be a leader in Israel, and behold you are leading your flock down to destruction. Your lips are full of lies, and your heart with corruption. The poison of the asp is on your tongue, while you pretend to be a steward of the Lord. But verily, the time shall come when you shall render an account of your stewardship, when the graves of the drunkards shall open and their inmates come forth and be thy accusers and testify against thee! Then shall you say to the mountains and the rocks: Fall on me and hide me from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of God forever!"

"Once I had a wife I loved. Dear little children played around my knee. I had plenty, and might have been happy in my home in the East by the ocean shore; but I learned to love drink from just such examples and teachings as you are setting before this people. At last it became my master and robbed me of nearly all my property. Strong drink is the only enemy I ever had that I was afraid of, and could not resist. I fled to the wilderness for safety. I tried to escape from the fiend—a depraved

appetite—and could only do so when I was far away from the brews of Hell, sold by the avarice of men. In the woods where I was safe from my great enemy, I built me a home. There I lived with my family in peace and plenty, but the accursed savages murdered my wife and children, and now I am a wanderer with no one to love or to welcome me. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head. I was made an outcast by that curse of a Christian land, whiskey! It drove me from the settlements to the woods where the Indians murdered every one dear to me, and while I live I will fight the demon strong drink, and wreak my vengeance on the accursed race. This is now my only mission, the only object for which I endure life and the burden of recollections of what I once was—what I might have been, and what I am now. And, oh, God!" he cried in frenzied tones as he raised his hand and turned his face upward, "Let me not die until my mission is fulfilled, and the vengeance Thou hast ordained me to execute is complete."

He paused a moment, and then turning to the people, he said: "I am commissioned by God and the President of the United States to help execute the laws. I have been through the woods counting the stills, and shall report them at Washington, and if you dare to disobey the law and take up arms against the Government, you shall be driven from the country like a pack of howling wolves as ye are; and the Lord of Hosts will destroy you as He did the army of Sennacherib."

Here he was interrupted by a cry from the audience: "A spy! a spy! Give him a coat of tar and feathers!" The incensed people rushed towards the platform and would have seized him and executed their threat, but clubbing his rifle and swinging it around his head he shouted in maniacal tones: "The vengeance of the Most High is hanging like the sword of Damocles over the heads of this wicked people. When the Spring comes the Indian tribes will be on the war-path; the smoke of burning houses of the settlers will darken the heavens; their blood will stain the streams of the land as the waters of Egypt were turned to blood when Aaron stretched forth his rod as God commanded him. You have aroused the barbarous passions of the savages by supplying them with the poison of your stills, and the hellish

brews you have made therefrom. Verily have ye sown the wind and ye shall reap the whirlwind. And when the Spring shall come with the horrors of savage barbarities, I will be with the army of Wayne in your defense, while the craven leaders of this unlawful insurrection will hide their cowardly faces in shame and confusion. And you dare to threaten me because I will sustain the government in the collection of this tax? You fools; I care not for your threats. 'Look out for the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Against my power you are as chaff before the wind.' "

The people paused in terror before him for a moment; then encouraged by the shout of "A spy! a spy! Down with him!" they pressed him on every side, but swinging his rifle around his head they fell back beyond the reach of his arm, as step by step he passed through them until he reached the door and disappeared in the darkness without. But for some moments his defiant yell was heard as he shouted: "Woe unto ye hypocrites; woe unto ye blind guides who are leading this people to their destruction;" and then he was heard no more.

The next day after Judge Hall reached Pittsburgh he visited General John Neville, who received him with cordiality. He had been informed by letter from Washington that the Judge would visit him and also the mission on which he came. The general insisted that Judge Hall should make his house his home as long as his business detained him at Pittsburgh. He informed him that it would be much safer for him to do so as he would thereby escape the observation of persons who might suspect him of being a government agent to assist in enforcing the odious tax law. The General introduced him to his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful girl of seventeen years of age. She was above the medium height, beautifully formed, with a face that indicated intelligence as well as an affectionate nature. As Walter Scott says of the daughter of the Earl of Douglass:

"Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze in Ellen's eye."

The Judge was charmed with both the General and his wife, while the armor of his bachelorhood was pierced by the glances from the bright dark eyes of the daughter; and he was easily persuaded to accept the invitation of the

father, reinforced as it was by the earnest cordiality of the mother, and the approving glance of the daughter.

Judge Hall informed General Neville fully of his mission and what was expected of him by the government at Washington. He found the advice of the General invaluable to him in the investigations he was to make and report from time to time; and in a few days he became a favorite of Mrs. Neville, while Nellie received him with the innocent confidence of an old acquaintance.

"Verily," whispered the Judge to himself one evening as he returned from a stroll with Nellie along the banks of the "beautiful river," "verily this is likely to be a very pleasant campaign, if I only escape without a wound; a fact I seriously doubt. But I am a soldier, and I will take the chances of the battlefield, and if I can only inflict wound for wound on mine adversary, I will never retreat until I have won a victory, and then 'to the victor belongs the spoils of battle.' I never appreciated the good old axiom as fully as I do at present. But then, as Ahab, King of Israel, said to the King of Syria: 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off.' Perchance I may be defeated, and if I am I will carry the scars of the battle to the end of life; but if I win I will wear the myrtle wreath of victory with pride and a thankfulness."

"I think," continued the Judge in soliloquy, "that I will remain here through the Winter, and join the army of Gen. Wayne in the Spring; by that time I am in hopes that this lawless insurrection will be obscured in the conflict with the western tribes, and those I love may need the assistance of my feeble arm to protect them. I will stay here until fate decides my future for weal or woe."

Judge Hall had attended the public meeting described, as an indifferent spectator, and when he saw that Daniel Bradford was called to preside as chairman, he felt thankful to Munson for his timely advice and warning; and as week after week passed he became more and more impressed with the magnitude of the danger to the government from both the insubordination of the citizens, and the certainty of an Indian outbreak. He had not seen Munson since his defiant departure from the meeting, and he continued to wonder how he became aware of his secret mission, as well as the treachery of Bradford. "Munson is a noble ruin," said he to himself, "and I hardly know

whether I respect or pity him most. His fealty to the government shows the integrity of his heart, while his bravery in time of danger proves him to be a hero. While my legal instincts condemn him, my pity acquits him. I cannot but acknowledge that if Nellie Neville should be murdered by the Indians, that the allotted period of human life would seem to me to be too short to fill the measure of my desire to avenge her death. But why attempt to smoothe it over with words of softening import? Why not acknowledge at once and be honest to myself? Why not call it revenge in its broadest and most unchristian sense? Yes, I would feel like Munson, that I could devote my whole life to the one purpose of revenging her death. And yet I wonder if I am really in love? It looks like it. If I am capable of making a diagnosis of my own case I have all the symptoms of the disease that first manifested itself in the beautiful garden before man had sinned. In my heart I do not, I cannot blame the "Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake." And let my verdict be so recorded. His killing the Indians laid to his charge is "excusable homicide."

CHAPTER IX.

"The death shot hissing from afar,
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberates along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale;
 Though few in numbers, theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks of life."

—Byron's *Giaour*.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day;
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away."

Shakspeare's *Two Gentleman of Verona*.

The spring of 1793, as Munson predicted, found all the western tribes of Indians on the war path. Several ineffectual efforts to establish peace with them had been made with only temporary results. The Wyandottes, Delawares, Shawnees, Miami, Mingoes, Pottawattamies, Ottawas and other tribes, under the influence of the English in Canada were combined in a general onslaught on the settlers of our frontiers. A final treaty of peace was not consummated until the 22d of December, 1795. General Anthony Wayne was in command of the United States forces, and in 1793 was with his army in Western Ohio. The whole country west of the Allegheny mountains was in a state of constant alarm, although the principal fighting between the Indians and Wayne's army occurred on the banks of the Maumee river. To add to this dangerous condition of affairs at the North, Spain had long been fearful and jealous of the western colonists and now attempted to sow discord between the Southern Indians and the Americans; and yet amid all this complication of dangers to our government, the whiskey

insurrectionists of Western Pennsylvania continued their nefarious attempts to resist the tax law, and persisted in their rebellious and lawless conduct until September, 1794, when President Washington called out the militia of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia into the field under the command of General Hamilton. In the meantime Bradford and a few others who had been prominent in the insurrection fled to the Spanish country on the Southern Mississippi, while others equally guilty but less notorious secured their safety in the more sequestered settlements of the "far west," and when our army marched to Pittsburgh—to use the words of an old historian—"Not a dog wagged his tongue against the army, which marched to Pittsburgh and took up their quarters there."—[Wilkenson's Recollections. Western Annals 701.]

And thus ended the nefarious whiskey insurrection, but not until it had cost the government \$669,992.34 [Western Annals, page 701], an amount that at that time with the sparse taxable inhabitants of the country would be equivalent to three times that amount to-day.

Although the above statement is not a part of our story, yet it is connected with the times and incidents thereof; and here I ask my reader to pause and think of the difference in public sentiment then and now, when as I have said intoxicating liquor is a contraband article; its sale controlled by our courts, and licenses to sell it only granted to a favored few who have some political influence, and possess an unblemished good moral character, and are of undoubted temperate habits. (?) Only think how Christian civilization has advanced since the days of the Rev. Moses Higinbottom.

It is not necessary to the completion of our story that we relate the incidents of the battles of the Army of Gen. Wayne with the Indians in Western Ohio. They are familiar to the students of the history of this country, and consist in narrations of terrible scenes of murder and outrage perpetrated by the savages on the frontier settlements, as well as of the unyielding courage of the soldiers and backwoodsmen of the army of the States. Judge Hall joined the forces of Wayne in the spring of 1793, holding a Major's commission on the staff of the General. He was in a number of battles, and acquitted himself with a bravery that received the commendation of his com-

mander in his reports to Washington. In the month of July there was a very severe engagement between the combined forces of the allied tribes and the army of Gen. Wayne, in which the Indians were driven from the field after great slaughter.

In this battle Judge Hall had his left arm shattered with a musket ball, and was ordered to the rear by Wayne himself. Judge Hall hesitated to obey, when Gen. Wayne said in a peremptory tone:

"Maj. Hall, I order you to the rear to receive the attention of the surgeon; no hesitation, my young friend; obey my order or I will put you under arrest for disobedience. Your life is too valuable to those who sent you here, to be risked, wounded as you are. Now go, and take with you my sincere regard for your bravery on the battle-field. I will remember you in my reports to the War Department." Then with a fervent grasp of his hand he left Maj. Hall and joined the men in front, who were pursuing the Indians now in full retreat, towards the Maumee river.

As Judge Hall passed over the recent field of battle he saw the ground thickly strewn with the bodies of both Indians and soldiers who had been killed or wounded in the forenoon of that day.

As he was passing through a clump of underwood, he was shocked to see the body of old Joe Smiley who had received a musket ball in his head. He stooped down and took the lifeless hand of the old hunter in his own to see if life was extinct. It was cold and rigid in death. While he stood by the side of the body of his old contestant of the shooting match, he saw his familiar old acquaintance, "Red-skin Extarminator," lying by the side of the dead body of its owner. Its barrel was empty and its stock broken at the breech; showing that the old man had been killed in a desperate conflict with some of the Indians who lay dead around him.

Judge Hall passed on a few steps when he heard a groan of pain. Turning towards the sound he was still more shocked when he saw the form of Munson, who had received a mortal wound, but was yet fully conscious of all that had occurred. A few feet from him lay the body of a giant warrior who had been shot and scalped. As the Judge sprang towards Munson, he exclaimed: "My God;

my poor friend, are you badly wounded?" and he stooped to raise him from the ground.

Munson opened his dying eyes and recognizing Judge Hall, said, "Let me lie where I am. My wound is fatal, and I feel the approach of death; but see, Judge, my mission is ended," and with dying energy he raised his left hand in which he grasped a reeking bloody scalp. "Yonder," he continued, "lies the body of Ga-wa-no-das, and this is his scalp. I shot him as he was running towards the body of old Joe Smiley whom he had just killed and was about to scalp. While I was scalping him I received a bullet from yonder bunch of bushes. It is my death warrant, Judge, but I am willing to die, for the last of the marauding band who murdered my family has died by my hands. The promise the Most High has so often made to me in my lonely wanderings in the silent woods has been fulfilled. This scalp is the last trophy of my undying hatred of the accursed race. Judge, please raise my head a little. I have something to say to you if my strength does not fail."

The Judge knelt by his side, and raising his head from the ground, laid it in his lap, and placing his canteen to the lips of his dying friend, told him to drink, but in vain. The movement of Munson seemed to cause an internal hemorrhage, and he closed his eyes as if in the last extremity, while the pallor of death spread over his face. He lay for some time thus supported by Judge Hall, when suddenly opening his eyes he gazed upward with a look of ecstasy, and in a voice more distinctly audible than before, he said:

"Judge Hall, I know the spirits of the dead do sometimes return to earth. See! See! There is my mother, and my wife, and my little boy Harry. It is no illusion, Judge; I see them as plainly as I ever did in my life. Don't you see them, too? They smile at me and seem to beckon me to come to them. But I don't see Helen, my little pet; she must be in the angel world. Why, oh! why, don't she come with mother and Mary and Harry to accompany me to my spirit home?"

His voice here sank to a whisper, as he said: "Yes, yes, darlings, I am coming; I'm com—ing," and his eyes closed never to open again on earthly scenes. His heart beat once more, and then was still forever. He had solved the great mystery, and the cloud over his disordered brain

vanished before the sunlight of God's infinite justice and mercy."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

The Judge hastened to the surgeon's tent, where after having his shattered arm put in splints and bandages, accompanied by two of the attendant soldiers, he returned to the place where he had seen the bodies of old Joe Smiley and Munson. Under the outspreading branches of a venerable oak he had a grave dug wide and deep; then laying the bodies of the two old comrades side by side, and covering them with laurel boughs, the grave was filled, and its place marked by a large granite boulder. The broken rifle of Smiley had been placed in the arms of the old hunter, when his body was laid in its last resting-place. And thus dust was returned to dust, to sleep until that day when the Great Commander above shall call the roll of those who will enjoy His presence forever.

A few days after the battle, and burial of the two old comrades in arms, Judge Hall, with the aid of a "forest guide," returned to the home of Gen. Neville. The General had not yet returned from the campaign in the West, but it is needless to say that a most cordial welcome was extended to the Judge. When Nellie saw his arm in a sling, her beautiful eyes were moistened with an emotion she tried to conceal, but could not. How truly said the sage who was well acquainted with the springs of human conduct: "It is hard to feign love where it is not, but still harder to conceal it where it is." Poor Nellie tried to conceal her joy at the return of Judge Hall, and her grief that he had been severely wounded, and had suffered in the forest with no one to nurse him with tender care; but all in vain; nature would not be controlled by woman's feeble will, and bursting into tears, she hastily left the room to conceal her mortification at her want of control of her emotions.

"Silly fool!" she ejaculated to herself after she had closed the door behind her. "What will he think of me? But I will show him that I am no maudlin school-girl whose sickly sentimentality makes her the sport of her companions and the vanity of men." Then hastily bathing her eyes, she caroled forth a verse of an old hymn, her sweet tones reaching the listening ear of Judge Hall, who, accustomed to see and hear witnesses in court try to

conceal their interest in the issue being tried, smiled a grave judicial smile at the utter failure of the witness in the present case to manifest her indifference to the cause then being argued in the hearts of both.

While cynics and pseudo philosophers are wont to sneer at what in common parlance is called the "tender passion," and while it may be true as Ralph Waldo Emerson says, that "All mankind loves a lover," yet are there many wiseacres in this world who profess to think that love is a silly sentimentality belonging especially to the callow period of youth and inexperience. But it is not so; the feeling of love between the sexes has received a judicial recognition in the courts of Pennsylvania, and a decision that it actually exists, and is in accordance with a law of nature and must be acknowledged and respected by mankind. In the case the Commonwealth vs. Stauffer, reported in the 10th Barr. 353 State Reports of Pennsylvania, Lewis, P. J., in speaking of love says: "It is a fundamental law of existence. It is the blessing which tempered with mercy the justice of expulsion from Paradise. it was impressed upon the human creation by a beneficent Providence. Not man alone but the whole animal and vegetable kingdom are under an imperious necessity to obey its mandates. From the lord of the forest to the monster of the deep; from the subtlety of the serpent to the innocence of the dove; from the elastic embrace of the mountain kalmia to the descending fructification of the lily of the plain, all nature bows submissively to this primeval law. Even the flowers which perfume the air with their fragrance, and decorate the forest and fields with their hues are but curtains to the nuptial bed."

Now, Judge Hall was a lawyer, and was of course acquainted with the principles enunciated in the opinion of Judge Lewis, although that decision was not made for over fifty years after the incidents narrated; yet the principle is as old as humanity, and has been recognized during all historic period. Judge Hall was not inclined to attempt to reverse one of nature's laws, so he bowed in obedience to its mandates, and loved Nellie Neville with all the strength of his ardent nature, and he determined to transplant this forest flower to the cultivated gardens of his eastern home.

"But time is as necessary to conduct a campaign of love to a successful issue as it is that of war with the savages,"

said Judge Hall to that patient listener, himself, "and I must have time. But what excuse can I have for remaining here long enough to be successful? I think I will consult that good old surgeon, Dr. Rich, as to the danger to my shattered arm, of a long journey on horseback through this new country, a portion of which is only traversed by Indian trails, with many unbridged streams to be crossed. I don't think it would be safe for me to undertake the journey for several months, or until my arm is completely healed, and besides, that infernal whiskey insurrection is not settled yet, and I may be needed here until it is ended."

Immediately on the arrival of Judge Hall, Dr. Rich, an old and experienced surgeon had been sent for to redress his wounded arm, and the Judge had hardly finished his cogitations on the subject of his probable detention at Pittsburgh until he was completely convalescent, when the doctor was announced. He had become acquainted with the Judge when he first came to Pittsburgh, and had frequently seen him strolling along the banks of the Allegheny river in company with Miss Neville, at which time he was wont to smile significantly and observe to himself:

"It is not very difficult to diagnose that case, or prognose its final result. They will convalesce before long, and then, like many of my patients, wonder that they were ever sick."

The old doctor examined the shattered arm, shook his head, and after splinting and dressing it in a most scientific manner, he said: "It is a compound comminuted fracture, Judge, and requires the most careful treatment, or it may result in necessary amputation. It will be weeks or months before it will be completely well."

A smile of satisfaction gleamed over the face of Judge Hall when he said: "You know, Doctor, that it is a long road to my home in the East. A portion of the road I must travel on horseback is rough and dangerous; much of the way only an Indian trail through the wilderness, with unbridged streams to ford and often no competent medical attendance to be secured, should my wound need it. Now, do you think it safe for me to venture to travel for several months yet?"

"No! no! my young friend, you must not think of starting on your road home until late in the Autumn, or perhaps not even before Spring. You must be contented

with your present quarters until you are able to travel without danger to your wounded arm. I will speak to Mrs. Neville and to the General on his return from this campaign, which will be in a few days, and will represent to him the danger of traveling too soon in your case, and he will cordially agree with me, and insist upon your remaining here where you can be properly nursed and cared for."

"I thank you, Doctor; and now your fee, how much is it? I am willing to be generous, for your skill and attention deserve it." The Doctor named the usual fee in such cases at that time, when Judge Hall remarked: "It is not enough, Doctor," and he laid double the amount on the table. The Doctor shoved one-half of it back, and smiling significantly, said: "Judge, never try to bribe the medical profession; they are above it, you know, and I am really sincere when I say that you will be detained here for weeks, or perhaps months, before you will be able to travel with safety to yourself. But I am very glad you seem so willing to be detained, it will hasten your recovery. Usually patients are very restive and anxious to be able to resume their occupation as soon as possible, but you seem so resigned to the circumstances that surround you that I prognosticate a speedy recovery. Good-bye, Judge, I will call again in two or three days."

When the doctor left the room the Judge remarked to himself: "Poor Munson told me once that I would make a poor gambler, as I manifested my feelings too plainly. I must be careful in the future."

The doctor found Mrs. Neville and Nellie on the porch awaiting his report of the condition of his patient. Mrs. Neville looked very anxious as the doctor narrated the nature of the wound and his positive injunction on the patient to remain quiet and not to think of attempting to start on his journey East for a number of weeks, while Nellie looked so stolidly indifferent that her expression would have put to shame the stony features of the Egyptian sphinx; yet away down in the depths of her beautiful eyes he saw a gleam of satisfaction that she vainly thought was concealed from all human observation. She determined to atone for her impulsive emotion when the Judge returned with his wounded arm and pallid face; and the poor girl thought she had succeeded. But could she have heard the doctor's silent remark to himself when he

mounted his gig and drove away she would have doubted her powers of dissimulation.

"Well, well," whispered the doctor to himself, "it is as I suspected. I scent the presence of a very large rodent; but God bless their young love. It never comes to man and woman but once in a lifetime; all other attacks are but as varioloid compared with the first and original disease. But what a gambler poor Nellie would make; no one could tell by the expression of her face whether she held a 'royal straight or a curtailed flush;' but it reminds me of my early manhood, of a grave under the trees of our village cemetery, and my long, weary, solitary years. Nellie and the Judge are just suited to each other and if time is needed to consummate their mutual desires I'll keep him here for the next five years before I will let him travel with his wounded arm."

Two weeks had passed before Gen. Neville returned from the campaign of Western Ohio. He was pleased to meet at his home, Judge Hall, who had really been an invalid and suffered severely from the pain of his shattered arm. His impetuous nature would have illy brooked his detention from the active duties of his mission, but for the care and frequent presence of his beautiful nurse, and the sympathy of her mother. It was evident to both the Judge and Nellie that their love for each other was becoming deeper and yet more unsatisfactory day by day, for each knew their own hearts, but could only guess the feelings of the other. Poor Nellie was so mortified with her manifestation of her emotion on the return of the Judge, that she assumed a studied coldness of demeanor when in his presence that she did not feel.

"Why don't he speak?" she inquired of herself in a petulant tone; "he need not think that my tears were on his account, for they were not," she repeated with emphasis. "I would feel just as sorry for any person who was sick and suffering as he was; so don't think, Mr. Judge, that I cried because it was you," she continued to her inner self, "for I did not!"

It is to be hoped that when the accusing spirit flew up to Heaven's chancery with poor Nellie's falsehood, that he blushed as he gave it in, and that like the oath of Uncle Toby in "Tristram Shandy," "the recording angel when he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the page and blotted it out forever."

Judge Hall on his part was waiting for the return of Gen. Neville, to whom he thought it was his duty as a man of honor to first speak of his regard for his daughter, and ask his consent to seek her for his wife. "I ought not to act as if I had taken advantage of their kindness and hospitality to win his daughter's affection without his consent," thought the Judge. This was such an un-American style of courtship that poor Nellie did not understand it, and it only made her more reticent and careful when in his presence. But the Judge was a lawyer and fully understood the weight of circumstantial evidence. He was satisfied in his own mind that he could win his case in the court before whom it was to be tried as soon as it was fairly submitted to the jury. Therefore he had waited impatiently for the return of Gen. Neville, before he "filed his declaration of record."

The next day after Gen. Neville's return, he was alone in his study when Judge Hall entered. The General received him with cordiality and grasped his hand with the warm grasp of friendship.

"Take a seat, Judge," said the General. "How is your wounded arm?" he continued. "Dr. Rich tells me that you will not be able to travel with it for a number of weeks yet, and if so, I hope you will remain here; you are more than welcome."

"I thank you, General," said Judge Hall, "and for this reason I wish a candid talk with you in a matter than concerns my future happiness and success in life. General Neville, I love your daughter sincerely, and have waited your presence here to ask your permission to ask her to be my wife."

An expression of mingled anxiety and regret clouded the genial face of the General as he said: "Judge Hall, I have feared this, and it has caused me much solicitude for the happiness of you both. I have not the least objection to you, Major, and if I had a daughter I would give her to you not only with pleasure but with pride; but Nellie is not my daughter; it is a secret known only to my wife and myself. Sit down and be patient and I will tell you all." Judge Hall took the proffered chair and sat down with a most nonchalant air. He manifested no surprise at the statement of Gen. Neville, who observed this and was surprised at the calmness of the Judge, whom he supposed would be astonished at his revelation. "But," he con-

tinued in a voice trembling with anxiety, "the dear girl is not my daughter; I sincerely wish she were; both my wife and myself love her as dearly as if she were our own child. Poor girl, she is unaware of the secret I am about to relate to you:

"Several years before we came here from Western Ohio, I purchased Nellie from a band of wandering Indians who had been East on a marauding expedition; she was then only a child of four or five years of age; and the long march of her captivity with the cruelty with which she had been treated had left her in an almost dying condition. I gave the drunken Indian, who was a giant in stature, and one of the chiefs of the band, a rifle for her. For some time after I purchased her and took her to my house, she was sick unto death, but under the kindness and careful nursing of my good wife she slowly recovered, and soon became the pet and life of our home. When she recovered from her long illness she seemed to have lost all recollection of her former life, or how she came among the Indians. I asked what her name was, and after a moment's apparent reflection she answered, "Nellie." I asked her what her other name was; after some hesitation she answered: 'Papa's little pet.' She remembered no more for some time, when she told a disconnected story of Indians, a burning house and barn, and a little brother, and a father and mother who she said were burned up in the house. We did not wish her to remember anything more than we told her, which was that she was our little daughter, and that when she was very sick she had bad dreams, and dreamed what she thought she recollected. This appeared to satisfy her for a time, but as she grew older her memory seemed to revive, and my wife and I had great difficulty in trying to convince her that all her recollections of the past were dreams, caused by her illness. May God forgive us for the deception, but we then thought it was for the best. We adopted her in one of the eastern courts, and no one here knows anything about her early childhood. We sent her to the best schools and seminaries in Pittsburgh. She is well educated and possesses far more than ordinary intellectual capacity. She is an accomplished musician and no father and mother could love their child more than we do her. She possesses great decision of character, and will not be easily won; but if won, she will be a true, faith

ful, loving wife to the end. But, Judge, remember that you do not know her parents; she is probably the child of some frontier settler, of what position in the social world we do not know. I do know, however, that you come of an aristocratic family who deservedly cherish the pride of blood and ancestry, and how would they feel at a mesalliance on your part? Nellie is very sensitive, and did she know the facts I have related to you she would be likely to refuse you, no matter how much her affections were involved in the issue. She is a noble girl, and I willingly give you my consent, if you now insist upon it after knowing the facts."

Judge Hall sat as calm as a Summer's morning; a knowing smile swept over his face which was instantly changed to an expression of grave import. "General Neville," he said, "I do not care who Nellie's parents were or what position they held in social life. In this democratic country where the son of a day laborer may become President, where all offices are within the gift of the people, where worth alone is the standard of measurement, I have a contempt for the aristocracy of blood and lineage alone. I wish Nellie to be my wife, and if you will give me your approval I will win her love if it is in my power. You know that an early sage said: 'Labor omnia vincit,' but I would paraphrase that axiom to 'Amor omnia vincit,' for I believe that in this world love is a greater power than labor alone. You remember that love prompted Jacob to labor fourteen years for Rebecca, but labor never yet begot love. But, General, will you give me leave to win the prize dearest to me in this world if I can? If I am defeated I will try and bear the pain of the wounds of the conflict although it would darken my whole life."

"God bless you, Major," said the General, "you are a noble fellow; you have acted as I hoped you would, but as I feared you would not. Nellie is in the parlor now; go and see her; I am as anxious as you are to know the result, but I warn you not to let her know the secret I have revealed to you. The dear child has a mind of her own, and I do not believe that even her own happiness would induce her to do anything she thought was not right. If she will accept you, as I sincerely hope she will, it will be time enough to tell her all after you are married. But why tell her at all if she is happy in believing that she is my daughter? There can be no wrong in permitting

her to continue in that belief as long as she lives. I believe that her father and mother were killed by the Indians and their home, wherever it was, was burned. A knowledge of that fact would only make her unhappy. Then why tell her at all?

"I believe you are right, General, and I will not tell her what you have related to me, at least not at this time. I will go and see her and learn my fate."

Judge Hall was a soldier of undoubted bravery. He had frequently faced death on the battle-field without a tremor, and yet as he came to the parlor door his heart beat with unusual industry. When he entered the room where Nellie sat engaged with her embroidery, she arose and met him with an extended hand, but welcomed him in a cool, calm, tone, as if he were but an ordinary acquaintance.

"Be seated, Judge," she said. "Does your wound pain you? You look as if you were suffering. Shall I remove the bandages and apply the soothing lotion as Dr. Rich directed me? You know," she continued in playful tones, "he said he would hold me responsible for the result of his treatment, as he left me in sole charge of his prescriptions."

"Nellie," replied the Judge, "my wound does pain me severely this morning, and it certainly is your fault, or at least you alone can soothe it." Nellie looked at him earnestly and with a startled expression; then a faint blush suffused her face while a defiant expression glanced from her eyes. "Yes," continued the Judge, "it is not my wounded arm but my wounded heart that pains me now, and if you do not afford me relief, I fear the result."

"Poor Major," said Nellie, without any apparent emotion manifested on her features. But the Judge saw an instance of circumstantial evidence away down in the depths of her beautiful eyes. "Poor Major," she continued, "I did not know that you were threatened with a disease of the heart; Dr. Rich never said a word about that! Had you not better send for him? I fear bandages and lotions are not the proper treatment for a heart disease. How long have you felt the ailment coming on? It must have had some premonitory symptoms. Have you ever noticed any before this sudden attack this morning?"

"Yes, Nellie, I have. I felt them a few moments after

I first saw you, and they have been increasing ever since until they are now unbearable. Let us not treat this serious matter with persiflage or indifference. Nellie, I love you sincerely, with my whole heart; will you be my wife? Your father consented this morning. Now my case is tersely stated. I have no other plea to make, and I await your decision.

Nellie turned pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf as she sank upon a chair. She restrained her emotions for a moment, then said:

"Judge Hall, before I answer you, I wish to have a candid talk with you about my early childhood. I sometimes think that I am not the daughter of dear Father and Mother Neville; I have either dreamed it, or it is real, of a burning house and an attack by Indians. I seem to remember a little brother who was murdered in my very sight. I think I remember my father and mother, and a long captivity among the Indians, and miles of weary travel through the forest. Then a sickness from which when I recovered I was with Father and Mother Neville. They told me this was all a horrible dream. They have been so kind and affectionate to me that I have thought at times that they had deceived me as they thought for my own happiness. But as I have grown older the recollections of the past seem to become more and more vivid. I don't believe I will ever know who my parents were; they may have been poor and disreputable, and some day you might repent what you had done. How, then, can I answer you? I shall ever be proud of your preference for me and grateful for it, but with this uncertainty in my mind I feel that I should hesitate."

"Dear Nellie," said the Judge, "as we sometimes say to the lawyers in court, you have wandered from the issue; you have not confined yourself to the declaration. This ought not to be allowed in the pleadings in any case; and my judicial education must reject it in the issue now being tried. Nellie, you don't know how important to me is your decision. I love you sincerely and devotedly and my future depends on your verdict. I do not care if all your suspicions are true, except for the grief it may give you to know the loss of parents and brother. Nellie, if you return my love I do not care what your origin may have been. I am satisfied that you are not the child of a low and vulgar parentage. In this world men do not

gather grapes from thorns nor roses from thistles. . Nellie, will you be my wife? Your father is waiting to hear your decision, hoping that it will be favorable. What shall I tell him? I have loved you from the first moment I saw you; it was with me an instance of 'love at first sight.' What do you say, Nellie?" He arose and extended his hand. Nellie, with a slight hesitation placed her hand in his, and while a blush mantled her cheek, said:

"Judge, I am afraid it was with me as with you; go and tell father what my decision is, and dear Frank, if the love and devotion of a whole life can compensate you for taking to your arms as a wife a poor, weak girl of unknown parentage, you shall be paid even if you demand what Shylock did of Antonio. But, dear Frank, remember that a long life may be ours; and in the dim vista of the future, clouds may obscure the sunshine of our pathway; regrets may come to your mind when it is too late. I fear it may be so, but my prayer to God will be that I may ever prove worthy of you; and," she continued, with a smile, "that in the barbarous jargon of your profession, 'you may never desire or apply to this court to set aside the verdict and have the judgment reversed, for your rule to show cause will be decided against you without argument.' Now go and tell father."

"Kings may be blessed but Tam was glorious,
O'er the ills of life victorious." —Burns.

CHAPTER X.

“‘Life is before you’—and as now ye stand
 Eager to spring upon the promised land,
 Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
 But few light steps upon a flowery sod;
 Round ye are youth’s green bowers and to your eyes,
 The horizon’s line but joins the earth and skies.”

—Frances Kemble Butie.

“From that day forth in peace and joyous bliss
 They lived together long without debate,
 Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state.”

—Spenser’s Fairy Queen.

“There is nothing half so sweet in life
 As love’s young dream.”

—Moore’s “Love’s Young Dream.”

General Neville and his good wife were seated in their sitting-room in deep cogitation. They had resolved themselves into a committee of the house. They were discussing the probabilities of an annexation, and the possible result and effect on their domestic relations.

“I hope she will accept him,” said the General, with a sigh that almost denied his assertion; “we shall miss Nellie very much.”

“You will not miss her as much as I will, John. You are from home so much; but I will be left alone when you are away. The dear girl has been my companion, if not a daughter, so long that the house will be very dreary to me after she is gone. But Judge Hall is a most excellent young man, and I suppose that it must happen sometime,

and I am thankful, if he is her choice, that he is worthy of her."

"He is a noble fellow, my dear, and I believe is every way worthy of her, and that is saying a good deal for him. I told him all about our secret of Nellie's parentage, and apparently it made no more impression on him than if I had given him an inventory of her wardrobe. I could see that he was very indifferent as to whose child she was. It was Nellie "in praesenti" and not "in posse," that seemed to interest him the most. I was somewhat surprised at the Major's indifference when I told him all. I had supposed that the secret would overwhelm him with astonishment, but he only said, 'General, I don't care who Nellie's parents were; I want her for herself, and not for her ancestry.'"

"God bless the noble fellow," ejaculated Mrs. Neville. Just then the door opened and the Judge entered looking as pleased as a successful suitor in court always looks after a favorable verdict, until he is presented with a bill for attorney's fees.

"Well, Major," said the General, "what was the result? I am almost as anxious as you were an hour ago."

"Veni, Vidi, Vici," replied Judge Hall, in an exultant tone, "and I am the happiest man on this green earth."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Neville, "that is just what John said long ago when I was over-persuaded to say yes; but of late years I have had reasons to doubt it. But, Major, I am truly glad for both of you young people. It will grieve me very much to part with Nellie, she has been the light of our home so long, and I love her as much as if she were really my daughter. Sit down, Major!" continued the good lady, "and don't be so unspeakably happy. Tell us all about it. Did she say anything about the dreams of her childhood? I have sometimes thought that she doubted, and believed that the incidents she half remembered were not dreams, but reality."

Here Judge Hall narrated what was said by Nellie and himself as well as he could remember, and then related the most of what occurred at their interview; some little items of personal interest of course were omitted, yet with the General and his wife, who recalled their own early affection, the incidents omitted were like some parts of speech—understood—and did not lessen their interest in his narrative.

"But," said the Judge, "we had better keep the secret of Nellie's childhood from her. When the time comes that I shall be her legal comforter as well as adviser, I will tell her all. But General, Nellie made one remark that amused me; she said that 'if her verdict was favorable I need never in the future make a motion to set it aside, for she would not even hear my argument on a rule to show cause.' Where in the world did the dear girl acquire a knowledge of so much of our legal phraseology?"

The General and his wife laughed heartily at this. "Well," said the General, "perhaps you did not know that I was a lawyer before I came here, and for three years was Associate Judge of this county, and frequently the attorneys would come here to make their motions and argue them. At such times Nellie, although a little girl, would listen intently to what was said; and I do believe that since then she has read for amusement Blackstone's Commentaries and some works on Pennsylvania practice. You will be surprised, Judge, at her knowledge of the law, but don't say anything to her about it; she seems to be ashamed of her legal acquirements, but she is a wonderful reader and student, and a good Latin scholar—a regular 'blue stocking,'" and his eye twinkled with his innate humor as he looked affectionately at his wife.

"She is no such thing, John," ejaculated Mrs. Neville, "don't you believe him, Major. It is only one of his witless jokes. Nellie is one of the most womanly, affectionate girls living, and I believe that the more you become acquainted with her the more you will love her. John only made that remark to annoy you."

"I don't doubt it, mother," said Judge Hall; "you will permit me to call you mother, for I have no other. My mother died since I left home; I received the notice of her death while in Pittsburgh last Winter. My father died in my childhood, and I have neither brother nor sister. I am alone in the world, and if I should lose Nellie it would be a lonely world to me indeed."

Tears moistened the eyes of Mrs. Neville as she replied: "God bless you, my son. I believe you deserve our daughter, and that thought very much ameliorates the pain of parting with her."

"But now to business," said the General, who could not conceal his emotions at the conversation between the Major and his wife. "When is it to come off? You had

better remain with us until Spring; it will be so late in the season before your arm will be well enough for you to travel, and the times as yet are so unsettled; your mission will not be accomplished before the meeting of Congress, when I hope this unnatural and uncalled for whiskey insurrection will be settled. The Indian campaign will soon be ended, then you can travel with safety."

The prediction of General Neville that the whiskey insurrection would soon be settled was not verified by the facts, for one year thereafter his buildings were burned by a mob of insurrectionists. This outrage was reported to Congress and was really the cause of calling out the militia, by which means the insurrection was finally subdued. [See *Western Annals*, pages 695-696.]

This event has no particular connection with our story, and is only mentioned to show that our "Dramatis Personae" are actual persons, and not wholly the creation of the licensed imagination of the novelist; for fiction is often but truth in painted raiments.

The next morning after the incident of the interview between Judge Hall and General Neville and his wife, Nellie met them in the breakfast room. Her face was radiant with blushes and smiles of pleasure; while the Judge looked as if he had never known a sorrow. For several weeks thereafter the intercourse between the lovers was unconstrained and confidential. They told each other their sorrows of the past, and their hopes of the future. It was the "old, old story" so often delineated in the radiant tints of love's prismatic colors; and yet, alas, so often clouded with the sombre hues of unexpected griefs and disappointments.

"Frank," said Nellie, one afternoon, as they were strolling along the banks of the river, "yesterday as I was filling the vase in your room with flowers, I observed a long, double barreled rifle standing in the corner. My attention was attracted to the word 'Nemesis,' inlaid upon its stock. Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up on the battle-field where I was wounded. Why do you ask the question, Nellie?"

"Oh, Frank, I don't know, but it seems to revive some of the recollections of the fearful dreams of my childhood. It seems to me I have seen it before. If not, I certainly have dreamed of it; that mystic word 'Nemesis' seems to be familiar to me. Once when I dreamed of my un-

known father, I thought I saw that rifle in his hands, and that he explained to me the meaning of the word. Surely I had never read anything about Grecian mythology, and yet I have always known that it was the name of an avenging Goddess in the age of ancient fable. Now, where did I get this knowledge? Could I have dreamed it, Frank?"

"Another case of circumstantial evidence," whispered Judge Hall to himself before he answered. "Why, Nellie, there is no accounting for the vagaries of our dreams; a learned savant has said that, 'in complete sleep there is probably an entire absence of consciousness of external things.' Usually, however, there is a certain amount of mental activity of which we are more or less conscious at the time, and of which we have more or less subsequent remembrance; as to the coincidences that sometimes happen between events that actually do occur and the countless fancies that are passing through our minds, while asleep, it is only wonderful that they are not ten times more numerous than they are."

"*'Obscurum per obscurius,'* dear Frank," said Nellie, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "as we used to say at school when a teacher had explained a problem so clearly and learnedly that the class could not understand him; and we used to think that he did not always understand himself. Frank, do you really understand your own explanation? If you do, please explain it to me. Did you never read in the Bible of God answering in dreams the desires of those who loved him? Did you never read of the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary in a dream? When Saul visited the Woman of Endor, was it not because the Lord had refused to answer him by dreams as he was wont to do to those who served him? And does he not say through his prophet Joel that, 'The old men shall dream dreams, and the young men see visions?'"

"Nellie, darling," said the Judge, as he drew her slightly resisting form to him and extinguished her mischievous smile with a kiss. "Yes, yes, and young men do sometimes see visions, as I do now one of rare beauty and mental attractions."

"Now stop, Frank; you cannot confute the logic of my facts with flattery or a kiss," said Nellie with emphasis, yet she looked as if she did not dislike the course of his argument. "Now, dear Frank, be candid; do you not be-

lieve that dreams are sometimes angel whispers from the spirit world?"

"I do not know, Nellie, but if it is so, do you think that an angel whispered to you about that rifle you saw in my room?"

"No, Frank, I do not; I believe it is my memories of the past. I believe I have seen that rifle in my father's hands. I am afraid dear Father and Mother Neville have concealed the facts of my childhood from me, but if they have, it was because of their affections and they think it would pain me to know the truth. But stop, Frank, you must not do that; you know Dr. Rich said the very last time he was here, that although your arm was apparently well, that even a slight strain might separate the fragments of the comminuted bones and break it all over again."

"I'll take the risk, Nellie dear," said Frank. "You know that we are to be married next month and then we must start for home immediately. I cannot wait until Spring as General Neville suggested, for I have business in Washington that must be attended to. We will go North until we reach Lake Erie; I must visit Chautauqua Lake. I want to see Jonas Birch with whom I left a valuable horse on my way here, and I have some other business to be attended to. I am looking up some circumstantial evidence in a case I have on hand. Now, Nellie, just one more—I will be very careful of my invalid arm."

What Judge Hall meant by his last remark I do not know with certainty; its significance is as obscure to me as to my reader. It is the duty of an author to record observable facts as they appear to him, and he is not expected to solve all the mysteries of the human mind that prompt human action. My reader probably knows as well as I do what the Judge did mean and what probably happened immediately after the remark.

That evening after Judge Hall had retired to his room, he sat for some time engaged in deep and sagacious musings. "How much she is like her father," he whispered to himself. "I sometimes think I can see his look in her beautiful eyes, while her logic is certainly his very own. She is as good and noble as she is beautiful, and I shall never regret the death of Wa-na-tau nor this wounded arm. What creatures of circumstances we all are.

How true it is that 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' and how truly wrote the bard of Avon, that:

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.'

"How strange it seems. Two years ago I did not know that there was such a person in existence, and yet I was happy; full of the ambitions of life, and visions of the future. Now if I should lose Nellie, this same bright world would be a gloomy waste and I would be glad when my journey of life was over."

It is not my intention to delineate all the occurrences in the daily life of Judge Hall and Nellie, until the arrival of the eventful day. As the skilled physician in his clinical examination of a patient prognosticates the ultimate, and expresses in brief terms "probable life—possible death," so do we hasten to the supposed climax of earthly happiness.

In the early part of October Judge Hall and Nellie were married. They had taken those solemn vows that mean so much or so little in the history of mankind, that result in infinite happiness or infinite misery. It was said by some unsophisticated observer of human life that "marriages are made in Heaven," but to an old lawyer who has been engaged in nearly one hundred divorce cases, the connubial tie looks like a very frail and sub-lunary affair. Emerson in his "Representative Men" propounds the following interrogatory:

"Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?" I leave my readers to answer this from their experiences. And while Dean Swift said, "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." I do not fully agree with him. There may be some truth in his remark, but my experience as an old lawyer leads me to believe that there are twenty improvident, worthless and drunken husbands to one reprehensible or guilty wife.

A few days after their marriage the Judge and his beautiful wife started on their journey East, and after undergoing the usual fatigues and vicissitudes of travel through a sparsely settled country, in a week's time they arrived at

Mayville at the head of Chautauqua Lake. From there to the home of Jonas Birch the road was familiar to Judge Hall.

"There is the house, Nellie," said the Judge, one beautiful morning in October, "and there is the good Dolly herself, attending to her domestic duties of assisting Jonas in doing the chores. Nellie, you must captivate her as you do all with whom you come in contact."

As the Judge and his wife rode up to the gate and stopped, Dolly, after smoothing her hair, with true female instinct, and hastily adjusting her apron and dress as well as the circumstances would permit, came forward to meet them, and after answering the greeting of the Judge with an old-style courtesy, she invited them to "light down" and come in and rest.

"Mrs. Birch," said Judge Hall, "have you forgotten me?" She looked at him a moment, when a smile of recognition illumined her pleasant countenance, and she exclaimed:

"Bless my soul! if it ain't the gentleman who helped Munson kill the Injun, and who my Jonas helped to break out of jail at Mayville. Oh! but Jonas will be glad to see you. Billy," she said to a young lad who was looking in open-eyed astonishment at the strange lady and gentleman, "run and tell your daddy to come home right off. There is some one here he will be glad to see." The boy disappeared in a nearby field, while the Judge and Nellie entered the house of Dolly. I say of Dolly—for it was particularly her kingdom, and no one dared to dispute her decrees within its hospitable walls.

Jonas came in and greeted the Judge, who introduced him to his wife. It was evident that Jonas was as well pleased as his wife at the visit of his old acquaintance of the jail and canoe.

"Your hoss is all right, Judge, only a leetle older than when you left him here. The constables from the Inlet watched my stables for two weeks arter you had gone, as clus as a cat watches a rat hole." Here the two men left the house and went to the stable to look at the Judge's horse, when Jonas continued his narration:

"General Baird came here the next day arter you had put out their lights on the lake, and he cross-questioned Dolly and I about you. Now Judge, Dolly is a good Christian woman if there ever was one. She is a full-

blown Methodis', but, Judge, you oughter heerd her stretch the truth 'till she almost broke it. She told the General that she heerd you say you was going East to get goods to trade with the Injuns, and she looked so honest that the General believed her and give up follerin you down the river. If they had overtook you there would have bin bloody work, fer Bill Munson is a terror I tell you, and fears nothing but the Lord he worships, and who, he thinks, commands him to spend the balance of his life in killing the red skins. I do wonder where Bill and old Joe Smiley is now? They jined the army of old 'Mad Anthony,' and I haven't heerd from them since."

"Jonas," said the Judge, "I'll tell you all about them to-morrow. I saw them both in the last battle with the Indians on the Maumee. Now I wish to hire you for all day to-morrow. I desire to take my wife down to the bluff on the lake shore at Munson's clearing. I wish to show her the place where Wa-na-tau was killed, but don't say a word about it until we get there."

"You can't hire me, Judge; but I will be glad to go with you and pilot you through the woods. We'll start airy, Judge, as it may take the best part of the day to go, and back."

That night when the Judge and his wife retired to the "spare room" that was the particular pride and care of Dolly, Nellie turned to her husband, with a serious face and said:

"Dear Frank, what did Mrs. Birch mean when she said you were the person who helped some one to kill an Indian, and whom her Jonas helped to break out of jail? I cannot get it out of my mind. What did she mean, Frank?"

"Nellie, you did not know that I was a 'jail bird,' once accused of a crime, and that I made my escape with the assistance of Jonas Birch and another man who released me from prison. Did I never tell you the story, darling?"

"Oh, Frank! Frank! don't torture me, I beg of you. I do not believe that you ever were guilty of a crime; but I love you so dearly, so devotedly, that her words almost caused my heart to cease its beating. What is it, my dear husband, that you are keeping secret from me?"

"It's nothing, Nellie, but what you will surely approve of when I tell you the story as I will to-morrow. You know I once told you that I had a case of circumstantial

evidence that I was investigating; so, darling, rest easy until to-morrow and you shall know all. I wish to take you down to the lake shore and will show you the most magnificent lake and land view you ever beheld, one that I am confident will interest you more than anything that has ever happened in your innocent life; so, Nellie, dear, rest easy, and lose no sleep because of the idle words of good Dolly Birch."

Nellie was forced to be content, yet her loving heart did not beat as calmly as did her husband's by her side. She had a vague presentiment that something unusual was to happen the next day, and some of her early fearful dreams disturbed her wonted repose.

The next morning Judge Hall and Nellie on horseback, accompanied by Jonas Birch on foot, started towards Munson's clearing. They reached the open field where Wa-na-tau was shot, before noon. It was a beautiful morning, and the lake gleamed before them like a mirror of glass. When they reached the open clearing where the cabin of Munson had stood, Judge Hall watched intensely and expectantly the features of his wife. As the broad expanse of lake and forest met her eye she paused, looked bewildered for a moment, pressed her hand to her forehead, looked again with a keen, thoughtful expression, then she exclaimed in excited tones:

"My dreams! My dreams! My horrible dreams! They come back to me like vivid realities." Then trembling like an aspen, she continued:

"Oh, Frank! Frank! what does this mean? Have I ever been here before, or have I seen this place in my dreams? This high cliff and broad expanse of water and yonder beach of sand with this wide circle of forest. I never saw a lake before! and yet this spot seems to be familiar to me. Can it possibly be a dream? No, no, it is no dream, it is a reality. I *have* been here before. Yes! yes! I remember it all! Here was the home of my childhood. It comes as clear to my memory now as a landscape would from under a passing cloud of morning mist.

"Yonder where you see that pile of half-decayed brands stood our house—my early home. I remember it in flames; I can see the band of cruel savages that surrounded it. I can almost hear their fearful war cry. Here they murdered my father, mother, grandmother and my dear little brother Harry. Yonder where you see that pile of

half-burned logs overgrown with weeds, stood our barn. And there, Frank, by that big rock, my brother and I used to play. Yes, there I saw him murdered by a savage warrior. I remember, I ran into yonder clump of bushes where a giant Indian caught me and led me into captivity, that Father and Mother Neville told me was all a dream.

"But it was no dream. It is as real as this lake and landscape. Dear Frank, on the other side of that big rock, is a cavity, and I remember that the Spring before our home was burned two little birds built a nest there and laid five little white eggs in it. Yes, and now I remember that after the dear little birds that were hatched there, had left their nest, my brother and I went down to the lake shore yonder at the end of the cliff, where you see that beach of sand, and Harry found five little white stones shaped like bird's eggs, and we put them in the vacant nest." Then springing from her horse she ran behind the stone, followed by her husband. "There it is now, Frank! There is the hole in the rock where the nest was. It is now partly filled with sand, and a bunch of grass has taken root there; pull out the grass and see what is there."

Judge Hall hastily did as she requested, and putting his hand into the hole withdrew it with five white pebbles, and the fragments of a bird's nest made of bristles and hair which had resisted decay.

"Here they are, Nellie," he said in exultant tones; "I have found my circumstantial evidence which no court or jury could disbelieve. None but yourself and the 'Infinite mind' could have known of these five white pebbles and that decayed bird's nest being in the crevice of that rock. The testimony of ten thousand witnesses could not be more conclusive. I have long suspected this—come and sit down on this rock, darling, and I will tell you all."

Nellie seized the five pebbles with an eager grasp, and pressing them to her lips burst into a flood of tears, while the eyes of brave and honest Jonas Birch were overflowing with the evidence of his sympathy and astonishment.

Nellie and her husband seated themselves on the rock, while Jonas stood by an eager listener; he would have retired out of hearing, but Judge Hall requested him to stay.

"Dear Nellie," said the Judge, "it is as I have long suspected, and I only waited the present moment, with its

surroundings, for the denouement to come. I knew your father well, so did Jonas Birch. I traveled with him as my guide to Pittsburgh. He was a noble man, well educated and a true Christian. He died in my arms on the last battle-field on the banks of the Maumee river. After the murder of his family by the Indians, his mind at times became 'warped and wrung;' he was not always himself, but he devoted his whole life to his insatiable revenge. He followed the murderous band that had destroyed his home; they all or nearly all fell by his hand. Yonder where you see that apple tree covered with moss and lichen, Wa-na-tan, the Indian who murdered your brother, fell, shot by your father from yonder woods.

"Here he related to me his tale of woe and suffering, then he disappeared in the forest. I threw the body of the Indian over the cliff yonder into the lake; just then Jonas Birch and another man came up with the surveyor, General Baird, and arrested me for the killing of the Indian in time of peace. I was taken to Mayville and put in a log jail, when your father and Jonas, my friend here, came at night and released me. Your father took me down Lake Chautauqua in a canoe, and, as I said, guided me to Pittsburgh, from whence my guardian spirit directed me to General John Neville's where I met you, my darling, and consummated the happiness of my life. The double-barreled rifle you saw in my room was your father's; he named it 'Nemesis' after the avenging Goddess of mythology. Such in brief, my dear wife, is the story I promised to tell you and explain the remark of Mrs. Birch. In the future I will go more into the details. Nellie, your father was a noble man, but unfortunate circumstances somewhat unsettled his mind, and he is not to be blamed for his undying hatred of the Indians and his killing many in time of peace."

"My dear husband," said Nellie, who had listened with breathless attention to the narration, "I do not blame my father for what he did, nor would I have censured him if he had obliterated the whole race of savages from off the face of the earth. If I were a man under similar circumstances, I would have done as he did."

"Nellie," said the Judge, "I always thought you were a 'chip from the old block,' or more properly speaking, 'a rose from the parent stem.' As I told you, your father died in my arms; I buried him by the side of his tried and

trusted friend, old Joe Smiley, in a soldier's grave under a beautiful oak, on the battle-field where he fell. I placed a large boulder at the head of their grave, and sometime in the future, my dear wife, we will make a pilgrimage to the spot and see that a proper monument is erected there. A few moments before he died he imagined or thought he saw the spirit forms of his mother, your mother and little Harry hovering over him, and he wondered why he did not see you. He said you must be in the angel world, and wondered that you did not come to him with them. His last words were: 'Yes, darlings, I am coming to you', and his lips were silent forever."

"My darling husband," said Nellie amid her tears, "don't you believe that he saw their spirits? You say he 'imagined or thought' he did. But what made him think so unless he actually saw them? Poor, dear father believed I, too, was dead; then why did he not think he saw me, if it was only imagination? It must have been because I was not there, and grandmother and mother and brother were. Frank, I know you are more learned and wiser than I, but tell me, is it impossible for the spirits of our friends to return to us sometimes, or is the future world so far off that they cannot come? Surely, if all human affections survive death, is it not probable that our loving Father above, who is in himself the very personation of infinite love—if His omniscient power could reach so far—would and does permit our loved ones to return to us in times of our greatest suffering and need? You know, Frank, that the Apostle said: 'There is a natural body and a spiritual body,' and why may not our spiritual body come from, as well as go to, our Heavenly home, if our Lord will permit it? Surely He returned to His disciples after His death. Then it cannot be impossible for spirits to return, and don't you believe that they can and do? My dear Frank, if I were to die I could not be happy in Heaven one day if I knew I could not sometimes return to you on this earth to comfort you."

"Poor, dear Nellie," said the Judge, but he looked more like a child than a judge, as he answered with tearful emotions, "you are as near an angel now as you ever can be. You have made me cry like a child, darling, at the logic and conclusion of your argument and ——"

"No, no, Frank, do not say that you cried like a child, but rather, that you wept like a man. There is a great

difference in the emotions of childhood and maturity. The one may be childish, the other the evidence of true manhood. Don't you think so, darling? Frank, do you think that our Divine Master, who said to his disciples, 'Love one another as I have loved you,' would in the future world separate two souls who loved each other in this world, just because one of them had broken one of God's commandments that the other had kept? I don't believe it. Will father and mother be separated in the spirit land because he in the frenzy of his great grief and love broke the commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not kill?' Dear Frank, how has the world kept all of God's commandments?"

"Why, Nellie, darling," said Frank, his eyes yet wet with the tears he could not restrain, "you are a theologian as well as a lawyer; you argue your cause with admirable ability; but —"

"Oh, my dear husband," said Nellie without waiting to hear the result of the disjunctive conjunction, "do not jest on so solemn an occasion, and in this place, but hear me. If you and I were to die to-day and in the spirit world we were to be separated, I would not take eternal life as a gift. Heaven would not be Heaven if you were not with me."

"Dear wife," said Frank, "we are commanded not to worship idols in this world; but if you do not stop I shall break that injunction into comminuted fragments," and regardless of the presence of honest Jonas, who had alternately smiled and blubbered at the scene, he clasped her in his arms while the unrestrained flood of an overflowing heart poured forth in thankfulness to the giver of all good for the prize he held in his loving embrace.

"Judge," said Jonas, in hesitating tones, "we had better be startin' for hum purty soon. You know it is a long, rough road, and I am afraid Dolly will be uneasy if we don't get there by sun-down."

"You are right, Jonas," said the Judge, "we were forgetting the passage of time in this, the most eventful day of my life, and I forgot that you had a sympathising and affectionate wife, as well as myself."

The Judge and his wife mounted their horses and in sadness turned from the spot and entered the road. Nellie paused a moment and looked with tearful eyes on the scene of her childhood for the last time; then with her

husband passed in a thoughtful mood along the trail or path they had that morning followed on their way to Munson's clearing.

What a change does the events of a few fleeting hours often make in the fears, hopes, aspirations and loves of the travelers on life's wearisome highway. But yesterday we did not know the existence of a person who from to-day will exercise a governing influence over our lives. We did not know of a past event that will henceforth mold and control our future destiny for weal or woe. How slight may be the object or incident whose effect will be felt not only while we live, but through all the generations of the future.

"The pebble in the streamlet, scant
Has changed the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on a baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Our party of excursionists reach the hospitable home of Jonas Birch just as the sunlight had faded into twilight. They were met by Dolly, who welcomed their return with genuine pleasure. After they had partaken of a supper, that their hunger and Dolly's skill made most enjoyable; and after Jonas had done his chores, and all were seated around a clean hearth and a bright fire, which the cool Autumn evening rendered very acceptable, Judge Hall proceeded to relate to the astonished Dolly the events of the day and all the incidents we have related to our readers. It was near midnight when the story was completed, and much of it was as new to Jonas and Nellie as it was to Dolly, who, with dilated tearful eyes, listened with absorbing interest to every detail. When it was finished, the impulsive Dolly went to Nellie and throwing her arms around her neck, kissed her fervently, then going into the "spare room," she returned with a large family Bible, and placing it in Nellie's lap, asked her to read the CXLVIII Psalm, which Nellie did with feeling and fervor. Then she and Frank joined their educated voices in singing an old, time-honored hymn. This completed the magnetic effect on Dolly, who said:

"Judge, I do feel as if I must pray to God for His goodness. Let us kneel in humble gratitude to Him who

guards us all in the time of danger, and who has said that even a sparrow does not fall without His knowing it."

All knelt and Dolly uttered a prayer, which for simple unadorned eloquence and fervor would put to shame many a studied orison delivered from the sacred desk, or read from a gilded prayer-book not for the Divine ear alone, but for the approving criticism of a congregation.

Then all retired for the night; Jonas and Dolly "with wonder full and strange astonishment" at what they had heard, and Frank and Nellie in heartfelt thankfulness at the events of the day.

In the morning while all were seated at the breakfast table, Judge Hall said: "Jonas, I wish you and Dolly would go with my wife and I to Mayville; I wish to transact some business that may require your presence." Jonas and Dolly looked surprised, but readily consented.

"You know, Jonas," said the Judge, "that it is a clearly established fact that my wife is the only heir-at-law of William Munson, and of course she is now the sole owner of all the land here formerly owned by her father. Nellie and I have talked the matter over and she wishes to present this tract of land to your wife, Dolly, to repay her for her kindness to us both, and more particularly to pay her for the saucer of fresh butter she sent down to the retreat of her father the morning after you and he had broken the law in releasing a suspected murderer from the jail at Mayville. And we will go there to-day and execute a deed to her for the land; and Jonas, if you will accommodate me by taking your wife with us, I will give you my horse that you have cared for so faithfully during my absence."

"Judge Hall," said Jonas, who could hardly speak for his emotions, "I don't want nothing to pay me for what I have done; but if you wish to give Dolly a farm I'll be goll durned if I ain't willin,' fer she deserves all she can git in this world."

"Jonas! Jonas!" said Dolly in a reproving tone, "don't swear, or the land will come to no good to me."

"I beg pardin, Judge," said Jonas in a repentant tone, "but a fellow can't always govern his tongue when he's excited—now, can he?"

"No, no, Jonas," replied the smiling Judge, "we learn that in our courts, where even the lawyers in the excite-

ment of debate do not always control their tongues as they should."

"I don't wonder at that, Judge," said Jonas; "I 'tended a court onc't as a witness, and I only wondered that the lawyers controlled their fists—I couldn't a done it; for when the court was out and I met the lawyer that cross-questioned me I had hard work to keep my fists in my pockets."

"For shame, Jonas," said Dolly; "ain't you ashamed to talk that way to a Judge?"

"No, Dolly," replied Jonas, "I aint ashamed to tell the truth at all times, even if I had to tell a constable that the man he was a huntin' arter had gone East to buy goods to trade with the Indians, when I knew that him and Bill Munson was goin' down the river to Pittsburgh."

This shot told with tremendous effect. Dolly colored to the roots of her hair, while the Judge and his wife laughed heartily at her discomfiture.

"Mrs. Hall," said Dolly gravely, "don't you ever love and pet your husband too much, or you will make him as provokin' as Jonas there."

"I'll be careful, Dolly; I'll take warning by your experience. Remember, Frank, the lesson Mrs. Birch has taught me."

Here Jonas and Judge Hall went out to the stable to see that the horses were made ready for their excursion to Mayville, and from there East, as the Judge and his wife proposed to continue their journey immediately on the execution of the Deed to Dolly.

"Judge," said Jonas, as soon as they were out of hearing of the inmates of the house, "what shall I do with Munson's things down at his cabin? He made me promise that if he was killed in a fight with the Injuns, I would take all them scalps and bury them by that stone on the cliff where his little boy was tomahawked, and I am bound to do it; but what about the rest of his things?"

"They are all yours except his Bible and books; take care of them Jonas until sometime in the future I can send for them."

Two hours afterward found Frank and Nellie and Jonas and Dolly at the office of a magistrate in Mayville. The deed was executed and a bill of sale for all the personal effects of Munson delivered to Jonas. Judge Hall and his

wife parted with their humble but true friends with unfeigned regret and even tears, by Dolly and Nellie.

Without any incidents worthy of record, Judge Hall and his wife reached Washington in November, and settled down in their permanent home. The Judge was soon appointed to an important office in the administration of the government, which he filled with honor for a number of years, while his beautiful wife reigned as star of the first magnitude in the society of the Capitol.

CHAPTER XI.

"All the world's a stage,
And all men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."
Shakspeare's "As You Like It."

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."
Shakspeare's "Macbeth."

The pen of the novelist, like the "wishing cap of Fortunatus," can annihilate time and space. It also possesses his inexhaustible purse of gold, with which wealth and its attendants, fame and happiness, can be most generously bestowed on the favored few of the "dramatis personae" of its creation. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has truly said that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Alike the weapon of history, philosophy, science, religion and art, it guides and controls the destinies of nations as well as individuals. Under its sway how silent is the march of the army of thought. It is not accompanied by the panoply of war. It needs not the armor of ancient knighthood to protect it from assault. "Its tread is as noiseless as an infant's breath; its force is like that of the warrior panoplied in steel."

Ten years have passed since the incidents narrated in our last chapter. Judge Hall and Nellie have but re-

cently returned from a tour of the Eastern continent, where the Judge held an important position in a foreign mission. They were now seated in the sitting-room of their palatial residence in Washington City. The mature beauty of Nellie is even more striking than was that of her young maidenhood. The Judge was occupied with his evening paper, while Nellie sat in silent reverie. Her thoughts wandered back to her childhood; and in the phantasmagoria of memory she saw her early home on the shore of Do-sho-wah Te-car-ne-o-di [Do-sho-wah Te-car-ne-o-di: Lake Erie; Seneca]. Even the soft flow of the Indian dialect had come back to her reviving recollection, as she had heard it from the lips of her father. As time had elapsed, one after another of the incidents of her early life became more and more vivid. She distinctly saw in memory her burning home; she heard the Indian war-whoop and the shrieks of her mother and grandmother amid the flames. She saw her little brother struck down by the tomahawk of Wa-na-tau, and the stalwart form of her father as with his axe he fought with desperation the murderous savages that surrounded him. She saw all the horrors of that awful night as clearly as if they were passing before her on the shifting scenes of a painted panorama. Tears dimmed her beautiful eyes as she pressed a bracelet, on her wrist, to her quivering lips. The jewel was of unique construction, the work of a Florentine artist. It appeared to be formed of five white pebbles, beautifully polished and set in a filigree of gold, alternating with rubies and emeralds. It had frequently attracted the attention of the fashionable ladies of Washington society, who wondered at its curious form, and the unknown jewels that composed its settings.

While Nellie and her husband sat in that silent, happy communion with each other, so common to a decade of connubial felicity, they were interrupted by a servant who placed the evening mail on the table before them. Nellie picked up the letters one by one to distribute them between herself and her husband, who was so busily engaged with his paper that he seemed indifferent to the letters from constituents, that Nellie placed in a formidable pile before him. She found only one directed to herself. The superscription was somewhat rude and the postmark was Mayville, N. Y. Nellie looked at the rude missive for a moment in surprise; then a smile of glad expectancy il-

luminated her features, and breaking the seal, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Frank, here is a letter to me from dear Dolly Birch."

"Read it to me, Nellie," said the Judge, immediately losing all interest in the speech of a noted member of Congress he had been reading. "Read it to me, dear; we have not heard from our old friends since we returned from Europe, and I am anxious to hear from them."

"Dear old Dolly," said Nellie, as she pressed the letter to her lips, before she commenced the somewhat difficult task of deciphering the chirography of her old friend. Then she read to her attentive husband as follows:

"Mayville New York state sept. 3d 1803.

"Dear Misses Hall—I take my pen in hand to inform you that i and Jonas are well and hope these few lines will find you enjoyin the same Blessins. i and Jonas often think and talk about you and the Judge and we sometimes hear from you. last week Jonas went to Mayville to tend a political Meetin. our Congress man was thare. Jonas—the innocent soul—says the Congress man was overbejoyed to see him, and i guess he were for it was just afore Lection and Jonas can vote you know. well Jonas axed him about you and your husband and he said he new judge Hall well that he was a great man in washington and that you was the beautifulest lady in the city, we was right glad to hear from you.

"Jonas sold his Old farm and built a nice house on the bluff right whar your Old house stood. he has cleared the old fields of Bushes and cleared a good bit of Woodland and now we have the nicest farm in these parts. Jonas built a Summer house over the big rock where the birds-nest was and every Spring I plant morning glories there. I do wish you could see it. and every year too dear little birds cum and build their Nest thare in the hole in the rock; we call one of them Frank and the other Nellie. They are so lovin and kind to each other. when Nellie is sittin' on the Nest Frank will bring her worms and feed Her. Jonas scraped the moss off the old Apple trees and had them grafted, and i just wish i could send you some of the great big nice Apples that grow on them now—

"Our Congress man said if he went to washington next Winter he would take your fathers Books to you, if we'd pack them in a trunk and we will. Jonas will Vote for

him for that if nothin' more. Anyhow Jonas says it dont make much difference who goes to Congress—that they dont do the Country much good, and cant do much harm anyway—

“Now Nellie how do you and Frank git along together anyhow? i am afraid you have spiled him jest as i have Jonas by lovin' and pettin him too much. you know the men all think they no more than us wimmin and are better managers than we are, But that is jist because they can drink whiskey and chaw tobacco—and Vote—and wimmin cant; But i am afraid ive most spiled Jonas by humorin him and lettin' him have his own Way sometimes, but we are very happy together; you see Jonas thinks he has his own way all the time. i read in a Book oncet that somebody said—I disremember who: ‘Whare ignorance is bliss its folly to be Wise—’ and so i jest let Jonas enjoy hisself all he can.

“O! i most forgot to tell you that Jonas has got Religion and jined the meetin' since you was here and he dont sware no more, and when we have family worship i have to do as Aron did to Moses; but you aught to hear Jonas cum in with the Amen, when I pray for you and your husband as i allers does; sometimes you would think it was a injun warhoop if you only herd it.

“Now Nellie may God bless you and your husband with helth and happiness and a long life. i wish you would write me how you git along in this world of sufferin and wo; and i do wish you and the judge could make us a visit some day. your lovin friend, Jonas and Dolly Birch.”

When Nellie had finished this characteristic letter, the Judge wiped his tear-dimmed eyes, while Nellie smiled and sobbed alternately from an overflowing heart. “Dear good Dolly,” she ejaculated, as she again pressed the letter to her lips. I think Jonas has come as near spoiling Dolly, as Dolly has Jonas, don't you, Frank?”

“They are a most worthy couple, Nellie; would you not like to make them a visit sometime in the near future?”

“No! no! Frank,” said Nellie, “I do wish they could come here to visit us; but I never want to see the place of my early home again. It would only revive the recollections of that awful night which I wish I could forget forever. But I am so glad we gave the worthy couple the farm. I would like to visit my poor father's grave sometime and have a proper memorial erected there, for I be-

lieve he deserved it; no matter what the people think of his conduct after his family was murdered. I know many would blame him, who never saw an Indian massacre, and never had all they loved in this world torn from them in one night by the hands of the ruthless savages."

"Dear Nellie," said Frank, "as I have often told you, your father was a noble man, a conscientious Christian, and none can blame him who know all the incidents that surrounded him during his eventful life. We are all of us, more or less, the creatures of circumstances over which we have no control. The last court I held, I was compelled to sentence a man to prison for a number of years for a crime committed while intoxicated. He had been a man of irreproachable character before circumstances made him a victim of the greatest curse that ever afflicted the human race, the curse of strong drink. Is it not strange, Nellie, that the Christian world to-day can be so indifferent to the terrible consequences of the use of intoxicating liquor? If the cholera or yellow fever should make their appearance in any civilized country, how justly alarmed the people would be. Sanitary committees would be appointed in every city in the land to see that every source of infection was removed; and yet while they were investigating the streets and alleys to discover the cess-pools of filth and corruption, they would pass scores of drinking saloons unobserved. And from these unnoticed centers of crime and disease there spreads over the country an infection far more terrible in its effects than the poison of plague or pestilence. Even in our National Capitol buildings, there are open bars where liquor is sold not only to members of Congress, but also to visitors; and through their influence many public men are acquiring the loathsome habit of inebriety. This is a disgrace to our boasted civilization and Christian enlightenment. We expend millions of money yearly to sustain foreign missions in spreading the gospel among the heathen nations of the world, and seem to be entirely indifferent to the heathens of our own national household.

"I once knew an old lawyer who told me that he had been engaged in one hundred and eight homicide cases, and that eighty-seven of them had been caused directly by the influence of strong drink; and that it was the primordial cause of three-fourths of all the other crimes committed in the country." [This is the actual experience of

the author of this little book, in over fifty years' practice in the courts of the country.—Author.]

"Yes, dear Frank," said Nellie, "I believe this was the cause of my poor father's misfortunes. Oh, why is it that you men who vote and make laws for us, do not see the great evil and legislate it out of existence? If the women could only vote, every liquor saloon in the country would soon be abolished, and the places that know them now would know them no more."

A few days after the receipt of the letter of Dolly Birch, Judge Hall was in his office in one of the government buildings, when a visitor was announced by the usher, who was introduced by a member of Congress as "General Baird, of Albany," who had some important business with the department of which Judge Hall was the chief.

The Judge started at the announcement, and looking earnestly at his visitor immediately recognized his old acquaintance and accuser of the Munson clearing. Politely inviting Gen. Baird to be seated, he listened to a brief outline of the business the General presented to him. On inquiry he ascertained that Gen. Baird and his wife were on a visit to the Capital, of business and pleasure combined; the General on business, the wife, for pleasure.

"General Baird," said Judge Hall, "I am very much engaged to-day; but if you and your wife will call on my wife and myself to-morrow afternoon and spend the evening with us, I will then give your matter every attention. My wife would be delighted, and after supper we can in the privacy of my library go over all the details of your business with my department without interruption." Observing that the General hesitated, Judge Hall continued: "My invitation is not through mere politeness, General Baird, but I earnestly wish you and your wife to accept my hospitality while you remain in the city."

General Baird consented and agreed to call on the Judge the next afternoon, accompanied by his wife, and he could not help but feel flattered by the urgent invitation of so prominent a man as Judge Hall, whom he believed he had never seen before.

That evening the Judge explained to his wife who their expected visitors were, and why he was anxious to have a lengthy interview with General Baird, in his library, where he intended to explain all the circumstances of their first meeting on the bluff by Lake Erie.

The next day General Baird and his accomplished wife called on Judge Hall and Nellie, who received their distinguished visitors with a cordiality that surprised them; they wondered why it was. The General suspected that Judge Hall had some political scheme of deep financial importance, and that he wished to secure his influence in furthering his design.

This world is so deceptive in human action as manifesting human motive, that like the "undertow" of the waters of lake or ocean on an iron-bound shore, the surface does not indicate the fierce current below. All politicians understand this, and therefore the friendly smile and handshaking before an election, are understood to be but a counterfeit of the circulating medium of truth and sincerity. General Baird was a politician, and he suspected that the under-current would manifest itself during the evening; and when Judge Hall invited him to accompany him into his library, he smiled a cynical smile, very like the one with which he received the refusal of Judge Hall to explain the occurrence at the death of Wa-na-tau on the bluff at Lake Erie.

The astute New York lawyer suspected something, a common phenomenon in the minds of the legal fraternity, when anything happens a little out of the routine of the common occurrences of intercourse among their fellow-men.

"General take this easy chair and a cigar," said Judge Hall, with the unfeigned urbanity of a true gentleman, "and now I will listen to your details of the business you desired to see me about. We will leave our wives to discuss the facts, follies and fashions of society, while we will be undisturbed, at least until an inexhaustible subject is exhausted."

General Baird went through an elaborate detail of the business he had in charge, when Judge Hall said:

"General, I will give your matter careful attention, and will report the result to you as soon as possible." Then he artfully led the conversation to "our relations" with the Indian tribes. He tried to ascertain if the General remembered the occurrence at "Munson's clearing;" at length he succeeded.

"General Baird, did you ever see much of our western country?" inquired Judge Hall.

"No, Judge, I never was farther west than western

New York. I was sent there once by our State Department on a very peculiar mission, and I had an unusual and singular experience on the frontier."

"Ah!" replied Judge Hall, "what was it? I am always interested in the incidents of the frontier life of the early pioneers of our country."

The General lighted a fresh cigar as he remarked: "I will relate it to you briefly. Some twelve years ago I was sent to Chautauqua County, New York, ostensibly to survey a tract of government land and ascertain the locality of a disputed line; but my real object was more that of a detective. You see it had been reported to the Department, that there had been a number of Indians murdered in the woods around Chautauqua Lake, and along the shores of Lake Erie. We were then at peace with most of the tribes of the Six Nations, which as you are aware was an Indian confederacy composed of Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas and Tuscaroras, who inhabited the central and western portion of New York. As I have said, it had been repeatedly reported to the State authorities at Albany that a number of bodies of murdered Indians had been found by the settlers in the forests of that region; and what was singular, they all had been scalped, and on the breast of every one was a mark of a cross, made with a knife. It was believed that they had all been killed by one man, a half-crazy recluse who lived somewhere on the shores of Chautauqua Lake. He was said to be a man of great stature and strength. He usually carried a long double-barreled rifle, with which his aim was unerring. A reward had been offered by the State for the arrest and conviction of anyone who had been engaged in the commission of the murders of the peaceable Indians, whose bodies had been found as I have narrated.

"One beautiful morning in October, accompanied by my two chain-bearers, I was running a line through the woods near Lake Erie, when we heard the report of a rifle. I paused to listen, when I heard one of my chain-bearers remark sotto voice, 'There goes old two-shooter.' I inquired what they meant, but they gave an evasive answer. We were near a clearing on the lake shore, called by the settlers, 'Munson's clearing.' With hasty but noiseless steps we entered the clearing, when I saw a man dragging the dead body of an Indian to the edge of the

bluff, and throw it into the lake. He was so intently engaged in concealing the evidence of his crime that he did not hear our approach until I laid my hand upon him and asked him whose body it was he had thrown into the lake.

"Caught as he was, 'flagrante delicto,' he appeared very much confused—hesitated in his answer—and finally said the Indian was shot from a woods fully a quarter of a mile distant, but he refused to tell us who it was that shot the Indian, and we arrested him and took him to Mayville, where he was lodged in a rude log jail.

"He must have been assisted in his escape by some persons from the outside, for we found the bars of the window of his cell lying on the ground by the side of a rude lever or hand-spike that had been used to remove them; we also saw a large moccasin track near the window. I have forgotten to state that just before we emerged from the woods into the clearing, we heard several maniacal yells from the woods on the opposite side of the opening, but they were distant and we gave them no heed; yet I thought I did observe my chain-bearers exchange knowing and significant looks with each other, which after-thought led me to believe that they knew something that I did not understand.

"I was at a loss to determine in which direction my fugitive had fled when he escaped from the jail. Mrs. Birch, wife of one of my chain-bearers told me she heard the prisoner tell her husband, just before we started for Mayville, that he was an Indian trader and was going East to buy a stock of goods for the Indian market. When I questioned her husband about it he said he did not remember any such talk with the prisoner, but that if Dolly said so, I could bet my life it was so. I think the good woman was mistaken, but I do not believe that she intended to deceive me; all the settlers said she was a good Christian woman, a member of the 'Methodist meeting,' and would not tell a lie any more than George Washington would.

"But she was evidently mistaken, yet the man who killed the Indian did not look like an Indian trader. He was well dressed, had the bearing of a gentleman, his language indicated that he was educated, and I thought that in his conversation I detected the ear-marks of a lawyer. But the wildernesses of the West were at that time 'cities

of refuge' to so many criminals and lawless adventurers, that it was difficult to determine either the social or moral status of strangers you met on the frontier.

"At first I thought our fugitive had gone South, perhaps with a guide, and that he had taken the lake as a pathway that would leave no trail that could be followed. If I had known that he had gone South on the river I would have followed him to Pittsburgh, but I would have captured him. It would have been a feather in my cap could I have delivered him to the State authorities at Albany.

"I had a number of men and two canoes stationed at a narrow portion of the lake to watch and intercept any canoe that might pass during the night. I was not there, but from what I heard the next day, a canoe with the old recluse did pass, and with his rifle he extinguished the torches and jack-light of the men who were watching for him. I do not think his pursuers were very anxious to arrest him, for every one seemed to respect him and all pitied him, for his family had been murdered by the Indians ten years before. But he escaped me, and I have never heard from him since."

Here the General paused and looking around the library, accidentally his attention was attracted to a long double-barreled rifle suspended on brackets of deer antlers over the fire-place, on which was also suspended a powder-horn and a scalping-knife.

"That is a singular rifle," remarked the General, "the length of its barrels is very unusual. What is that word inlaid in its breech? N-e-m-e-s-i-s," he continued as he slowly spelled the name. "What is the significance of the word, and if you will excuse my curiosity, Judge, where did you get it?"

"Well, General," answered Judge Hall, his eyes twinkling with innate humor, "that is the rifle with which the Indian was shot, whose body you saw me throw over the cliff into the lake at Munson's clearing twelve years ago. Don't you remember the circumstance, General? It is very like the one you have just narrated."

"The rifle with which the Indian was shot, whose body you threw into the lake!" exclaimed General Baird in almost breathless astonishment. "Good Heavens! what does it mean, Judge?"

Judge Hall laughed heartily at the expression of aston-

ishment and confusion on the face of the General, and said:

"Listen, General, while I a tale unfold, that if it does not

"Harrow up thy soul and freeze thy young blood,"

will at least explain the circumstances you have narrated, and when I am done, if you want me to go to Albany, I will not put you to the trouble of getting a requisition from the Governor.

"That formidable-looking rifle belonged to my wife's father, William Munson. He was known on the frontier as the 'Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake.' The history of his life is a strange and eventful one. He was a noble man and a true Christian. He was a man of education, a graduate of a New England college. All of his family except my wife were murdered by a band of marauding Indians. His little boy, Harry, was tomahawked and scalped in his very presence by Wa-na-tau, the savage whose body you saw me throw over the cliff. After the murder of his family he became a recluse in the woods of Western New York. He built himself a cabin of unique construction on the shore of Chautauqua Lake. At times he was partially insane, and if you could have heard the story of his wrongs as he related it to me, as he stood by the side of the dead savage that he had shot from the woods, as I told you at the time, you could not have blamed him. I would not tell you, when under arrest, who it was that killed Wa-na-tau, for the reason that his terrible story aroused my sympathy, and I wished him to escape. Jonas Birch and the other chain-bearer, who were with you at the time, recognized the sound of his rifle, and knew that it was Munson's.

"All the men who were with you on the lake, when you were pursuing us, also believed it was Munson who killed the savage, and they all purposely misled you in the pursuit, for they wished him to escape. Even good Dolly Birch, a devout Christian woman, took a 'Jesuitical' view of the occurrence—that the end justified the means,' and she told you a fictitious story, that I was an Indian trader on my way East to purchase goods for the Indian market. And General, permit me to congratulate you on the fact that you did not overtake us in your pursuit, for if you had you could never have captured Munson. The settlers

would not have assisted you, and you would have been as a child in his hands, for he was a giant in both size and strength, and never knew what the emotion of fear was."

Here the Judge went into details of all that occurred to himself and Munson on their flight down the Allegheny river, as well as the death and burial of Munson and Joe Smiley, on the banks of the Maumee river.

It is useless to attempt to describe the astonishment of General Baird at the narration of Judge Hall. "Well!" said he, after an eloquent pause as the narration ended, how truly said Lord Byron in *Don Juan*:

"'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.'

"But Judge, while as lawyers we may not be able to justify the acts of William Munson, yet as men we can well excuse them. I do not blame him in the least. In fact I admire and respect his memory; and on reflection I will not trouble you to go to Albany at present. But, Judge, our wives have 'exhausted the inexhaustible' by this time, and are probably wondering at the length of the details of my business mission to you. Perhaps we had better join them."

When Judge Hall and the General entered the parlor they found their wives conversing with the unrestrained confidence of old friends. It was evident a mutual esteem had been established between them, a sincere friendly regard which continued many years, increasing as time elapsed, until they became warm personal friends.

"Nellie," said the Judge, "please unclasp your bracelet and let General Baird look at it. I have related to him its history, and he is curious to examine it more closely."

"I have just shown it to your wife, General," said Nellie, "and told her its story and why I prize it above all my possessions." The General looked at it admiringly, when Nellie continued, "These white settings which my husband calls his 'circumstantial evidence,' are five little bird eggs, laid in a nest in a crevice in a rock on the shore of Lake Erie, by the dearest little bird that ever caroled its notes of joy in springtime, my poor little brother Harry; and General, I saw a savage sink his tomahawk into his head and strip his scalp from it before life or even sensation was extinguished. But my noble father has avenged

his death in a just, yet fearful manner. Now that you know all, General, can you blame him?"

"No, my dear madam!" replied the General, "I do not censure him in the least, and I shall always respect his memory. He did naught but what a brave and noble man might well have done. It seems as if the Being he worshiped so faithfully had indeed decreed that he should be a Nemesis to execute His avenging justice."

The General and his wife, and Judge Hall and Nellie parted with the "Au revoir" of affected fashionable social life. But they did meet again and for a number of years their mutual esteem and friendship increased while the story of the recluse was often referred to with filial affection by Nellie, and reverence and respect by her friends.

Our story is ended. Some of the incidents therein related are remembered by those yet living, as the traditions of the past often related by the early settlers of western New York. The prophecy of Munson has been fulfilled.

"Chautauqua Assembly" grounds is one of the most beautiful Summer resorts on this continent. A temple dedicated to the worship of the Most High now stands on the spot where he erected his altar for the sacrifice he believed was demanded by the silent voices of those he thought he saw in spirit form around him in his solitary nights in the wilderness. Other temples of learning now stand where once was naught but a pathless forest. They are illuminated as he predicted by the lightnings of Heaven. The lake is traversed by arks driven by fire. Songs of praise and prayers to the Being he worshiped sincerely are heard from temple and fireside on every hand, and the influence radiated from this beautiful shore is felt far and wide over the land.

A few years ago in excavating for the foundation of a building on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, a number of human skeletons were exhumed; many who saw them wondered whose they were. Some supposed the place was an Indian burying ground, but others who had heard the traditions of the past, truly believed that they were the relics of the victims of the insatiable revenge of

"The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake."

